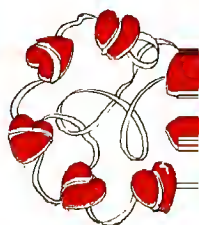
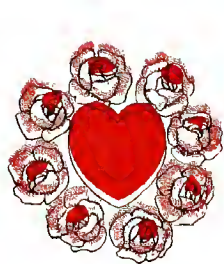


Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts

By
Katharine
Lester
Hemall



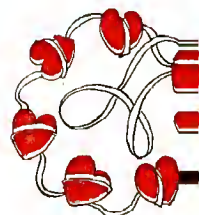


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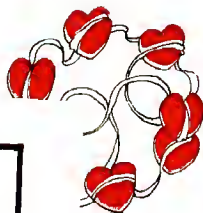
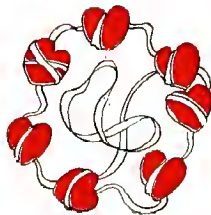
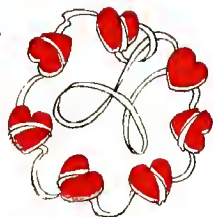


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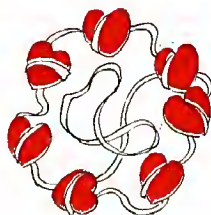




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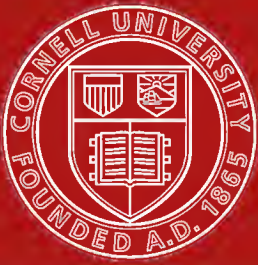


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is brittle.



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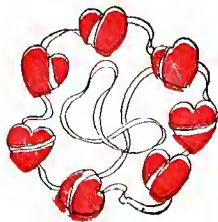
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Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts



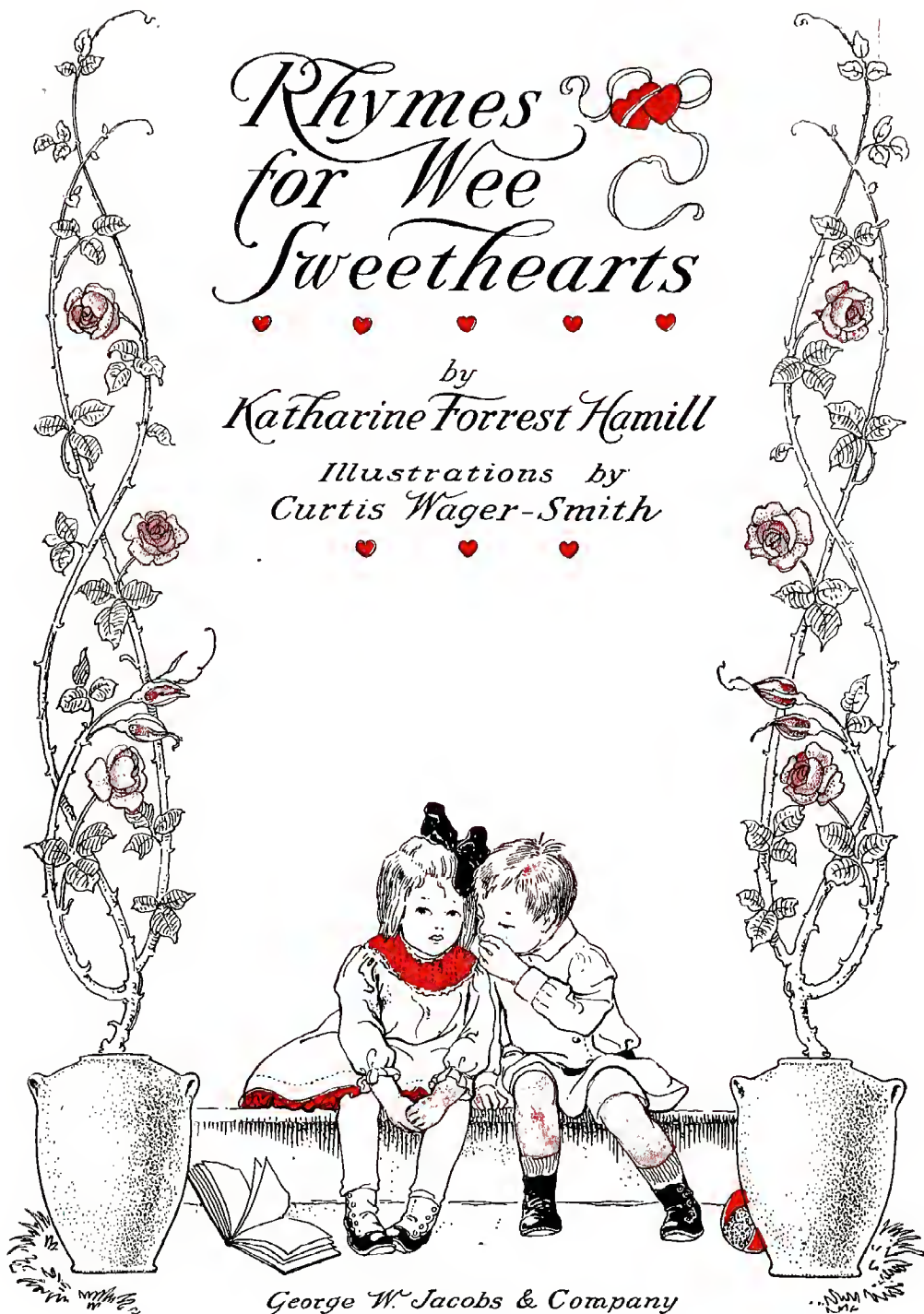


HER PICTURE TAKEN IN THIS SELFSAME GOWN.

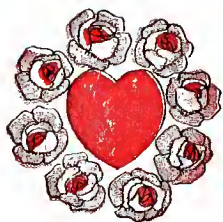
Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts

by
Katharine Forrest Hamill

*Illustrations by
Curtis Wager-Smith*

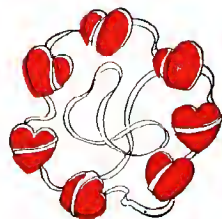


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Published, November, 1906

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To
HAROLD and STUART

*My Two Wee Men, with love most true
These Rhymes I dedicate to you.
Enjoy them, then, while yet you may
Throughout your childhood's happy day,
And when your little feet shall roam
To distant places far from home,
Let not the love you then may know
Exclude that of the long ago ; —
Within your hearts e'er keep a place,
That Mother's memory may grace.*

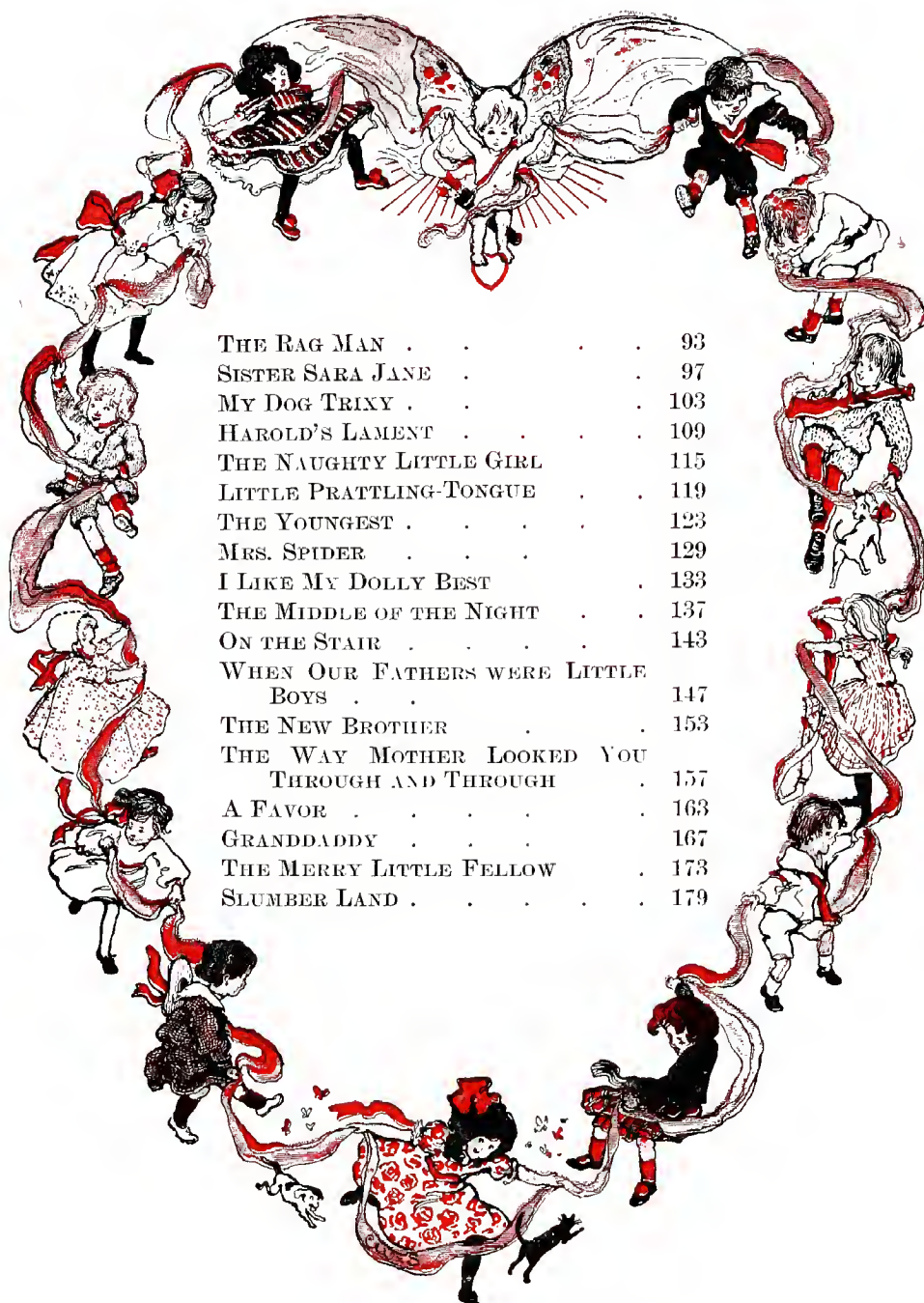




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ILLUSTRATIONS

Her picture taken in the
selfsame gown . . . *Frontispiece*

And lets us have, what do
you think ? A *real* cup
of tea . . . *Facing page 62*

She comes right out and
stays till noon “ “ 100

We watched but didn't see
him come . . . “ “ 130

As he slings o'er my shoul-
der the old canteen “ “ 170





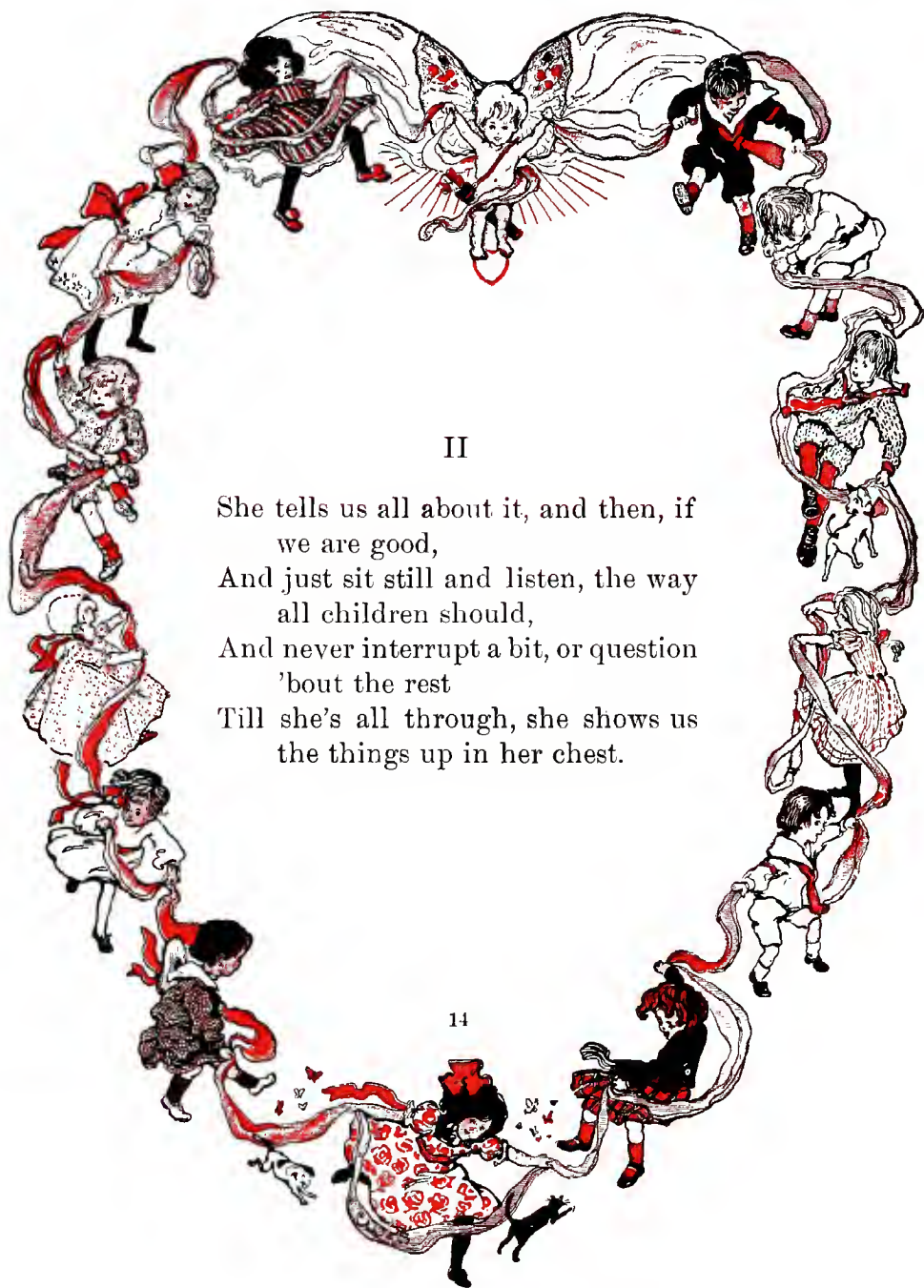
When Grandmamma Was Little



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or scarves, performing a dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and hats. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are of various ages and are all smiling and enjoying the dance. The background is plain white.

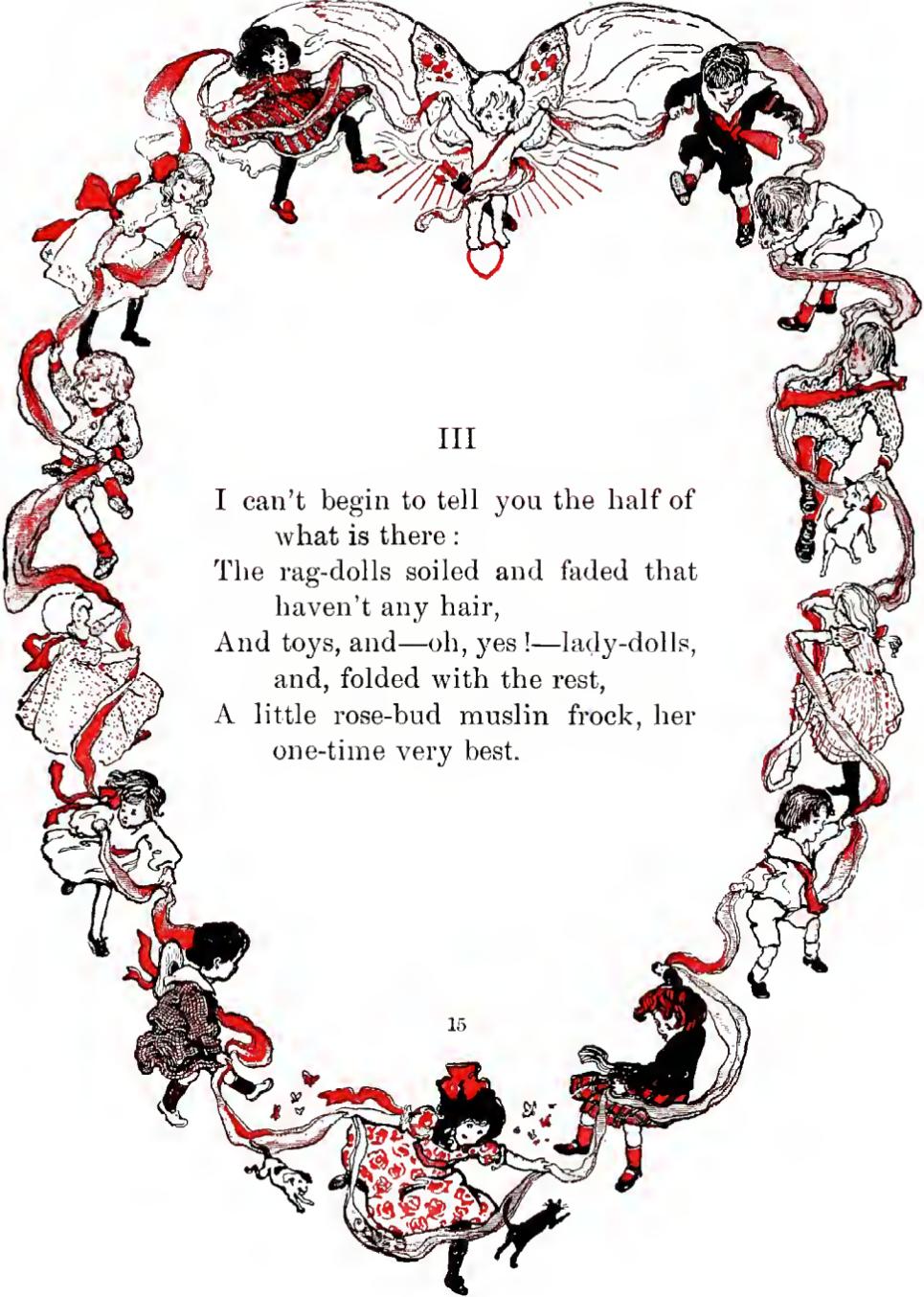
When Grandmamma was Little

When grandmamma was little—it
was years and years ago
In what are called those dear old-fash-
ioned golden days, you know —
Why, she had such a perfect time,
the best you ever saw :
We wish that we'd been little same
time as grandmamma.



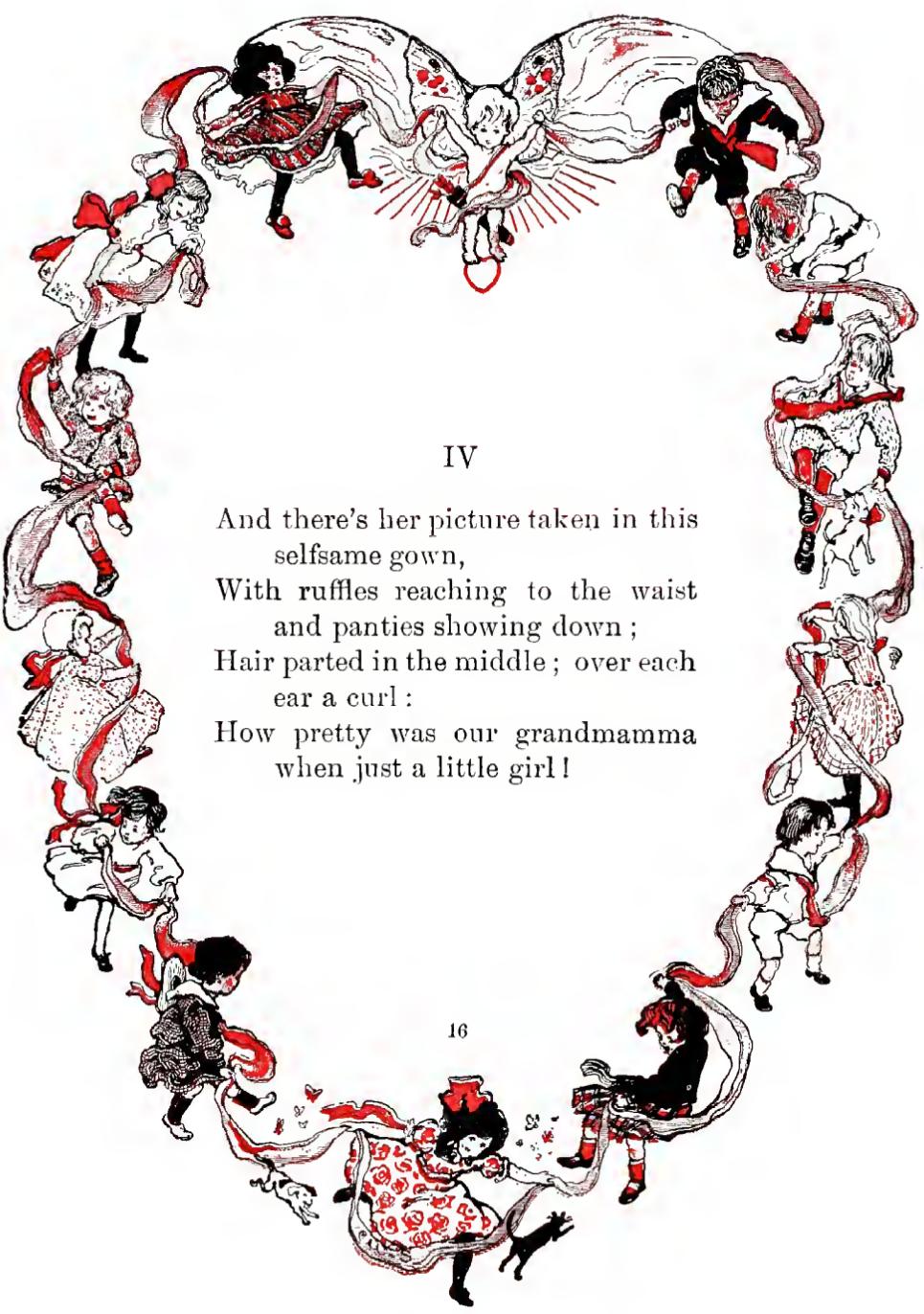
II

She tells us all about it, and then, if
we are good,
And just sit still and listen, the way
all children should,
And never interrupt a bit, or question
'bout the rest
Till she's all through, she shows us
the things up in her chest.



III

I can't begin to tell you the half of
what is there :
The rag-dolls soiled and faded that
haven't any hair,
And toys, and—oh, yes !—lady-dolls,
and, folded with the rest,
A little rose-bud muslin frock, her
one-time very best.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are holding hands, forming a large circle. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses with ruffles and pants. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are in various poses, some with their arms raised, some with their heads tilted back. The overall scene is festive and lively.

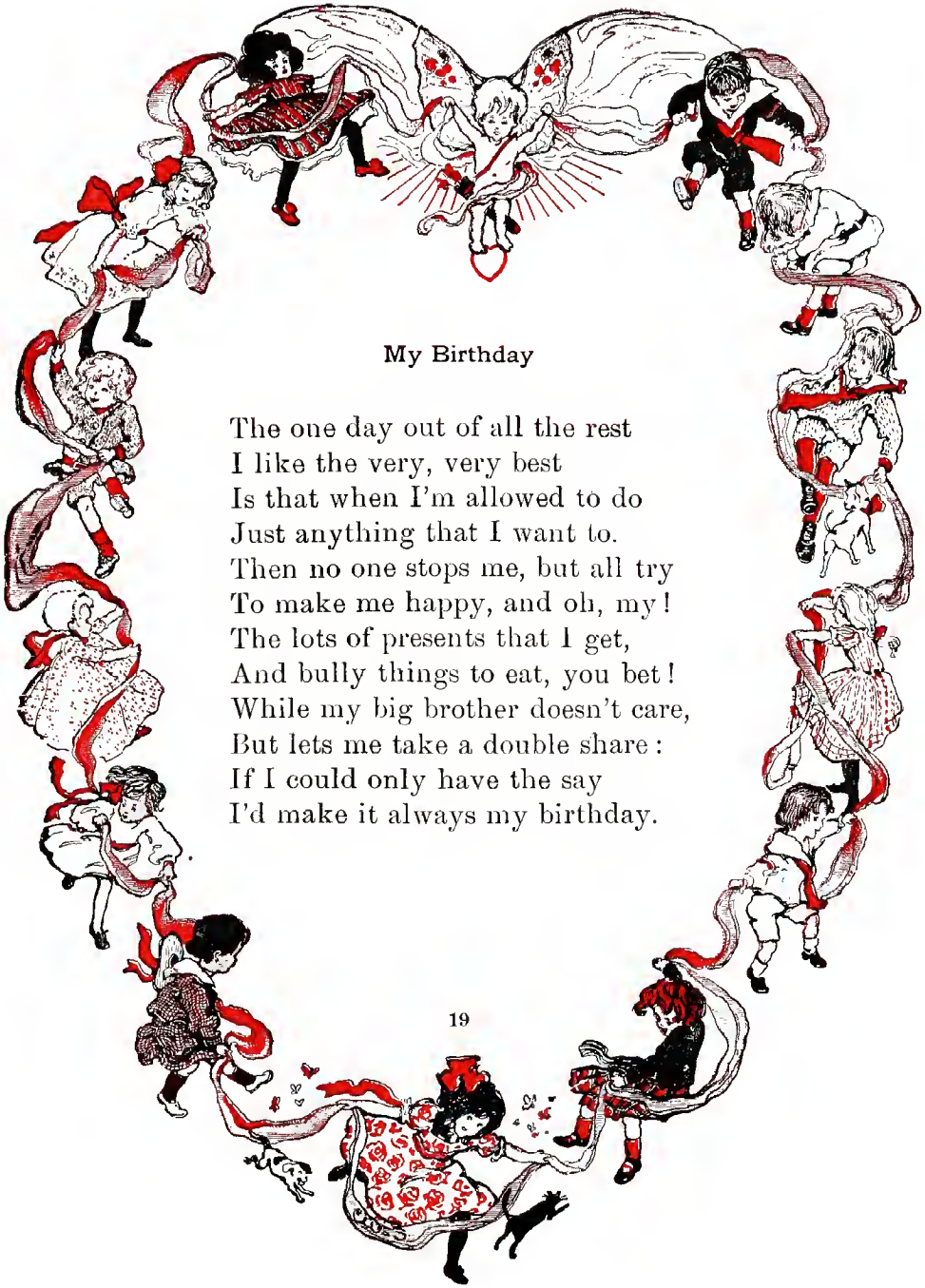
IV

And there's her picture taken in this
selfsame gown,
With ruffles reaching to the waist
and panties showing down ;
Hair parted in the middle ; over each
ear a curl :
How pretty was our grandmamma
when just a little girl !



My Birthday



A circular illustration of children playing with a long red ribbon. The children are arranged in a circle, holding onto the ends of a long, flowing red ribbon that forms a continuous loop around the central text. The children are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. The ribbon has long, flowing tails that trail behind the children as they move. The central text is a poem about a birthday.

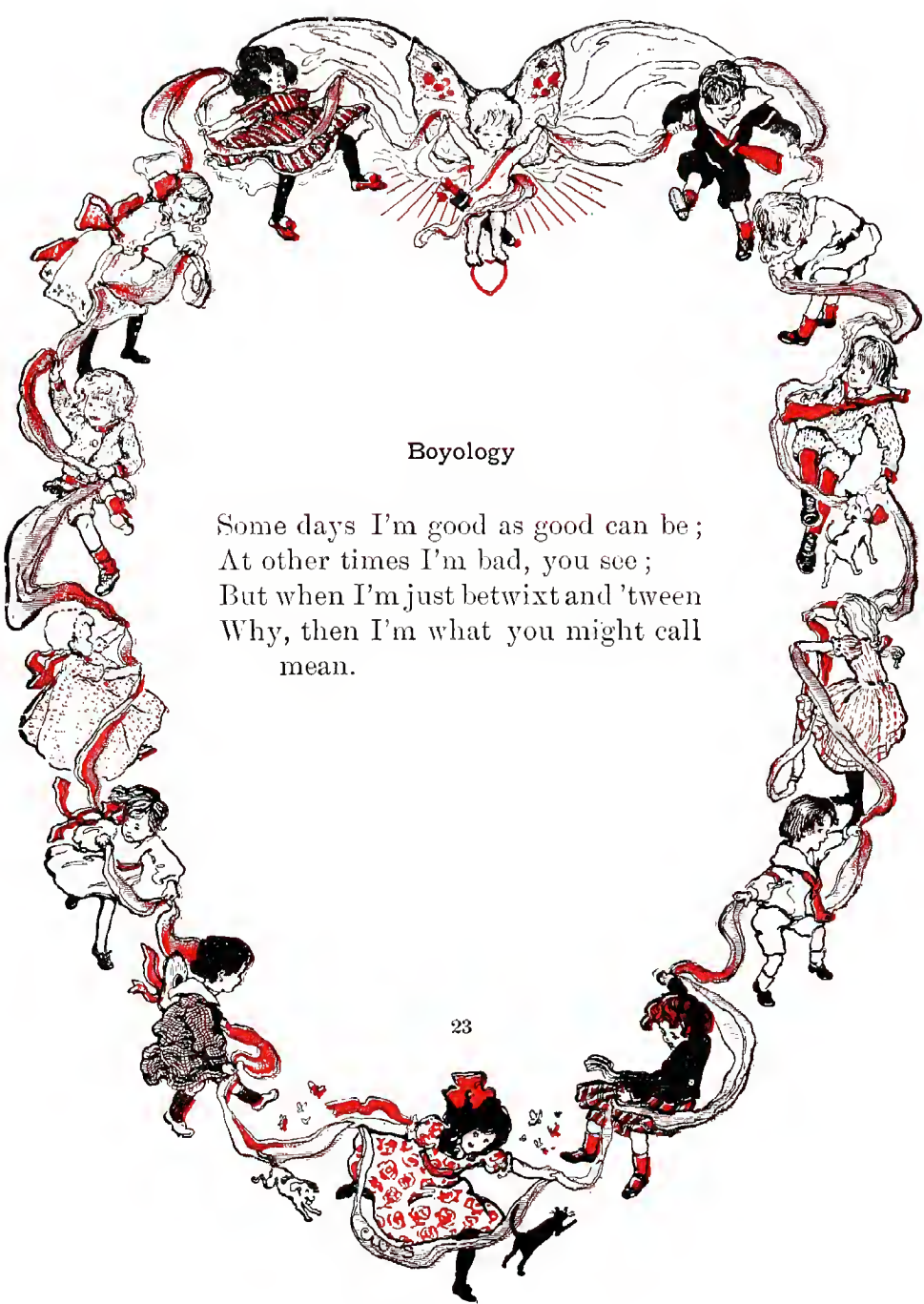
My Birthday

The one day out of all the rest
I like the very, very best
Is that when I'm allowed to do
Just anything that I want to.
Then no one stops me, but all try
To make me happy, and oh, my!
The lots of presents that I get,
And bully things to eat, you bet!
While my big brother doesn't care,
But lets me take a double share:
If I could only have the say
I'd make it always my birthday.



Boyology



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or ribbons, performing a dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and trousers, with some having large bows or ribbons. The style is a black and white line drawing with red highlights. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement. The overall composition is a circular frame around the central text.

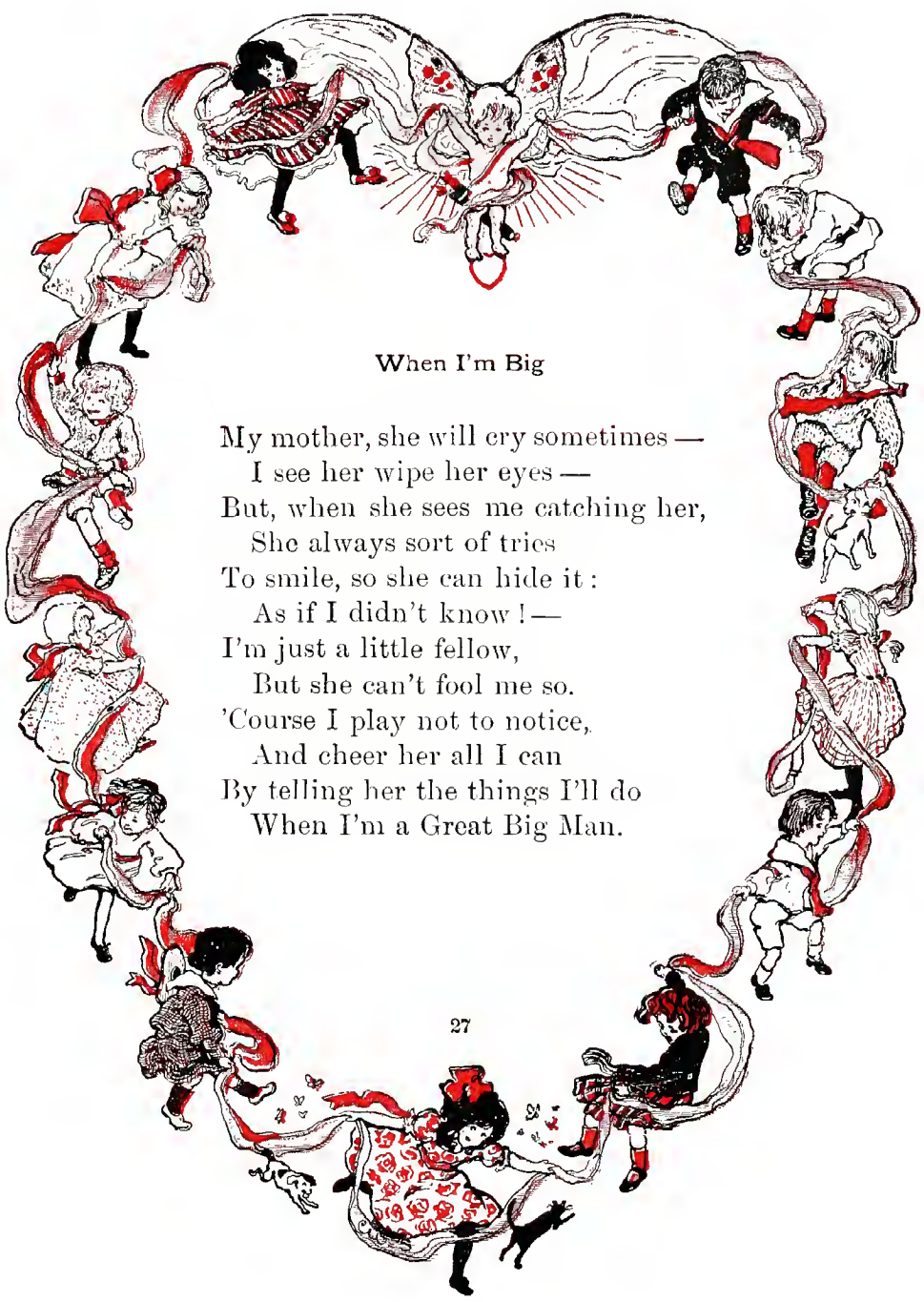
Boyology

Some days I'm good as good can be ;
At other times I'm bad, you see ;
But when I'm just betwixt and 'tween
Why, then I'm what you might call
mean.



When I'm Big



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or scarves, performing a dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and trousers, with some having large bows or scarves. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The overall scene is festive and joyful.

When I'm Big

My mother, she will cry sometimes —
I see her wipe her eyes —
But, when she sees me catching her,
She always sort of tries
To smile, so she can hide it :
As if I didn't know ! —
I'm just a little fellow,
But she can't fool me so.
'Course I play not to notice,
And cheer her all I can
By telling her the things I'll do
When I'm a Great Big Man.

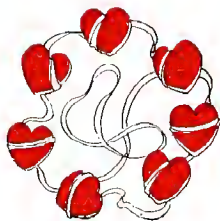


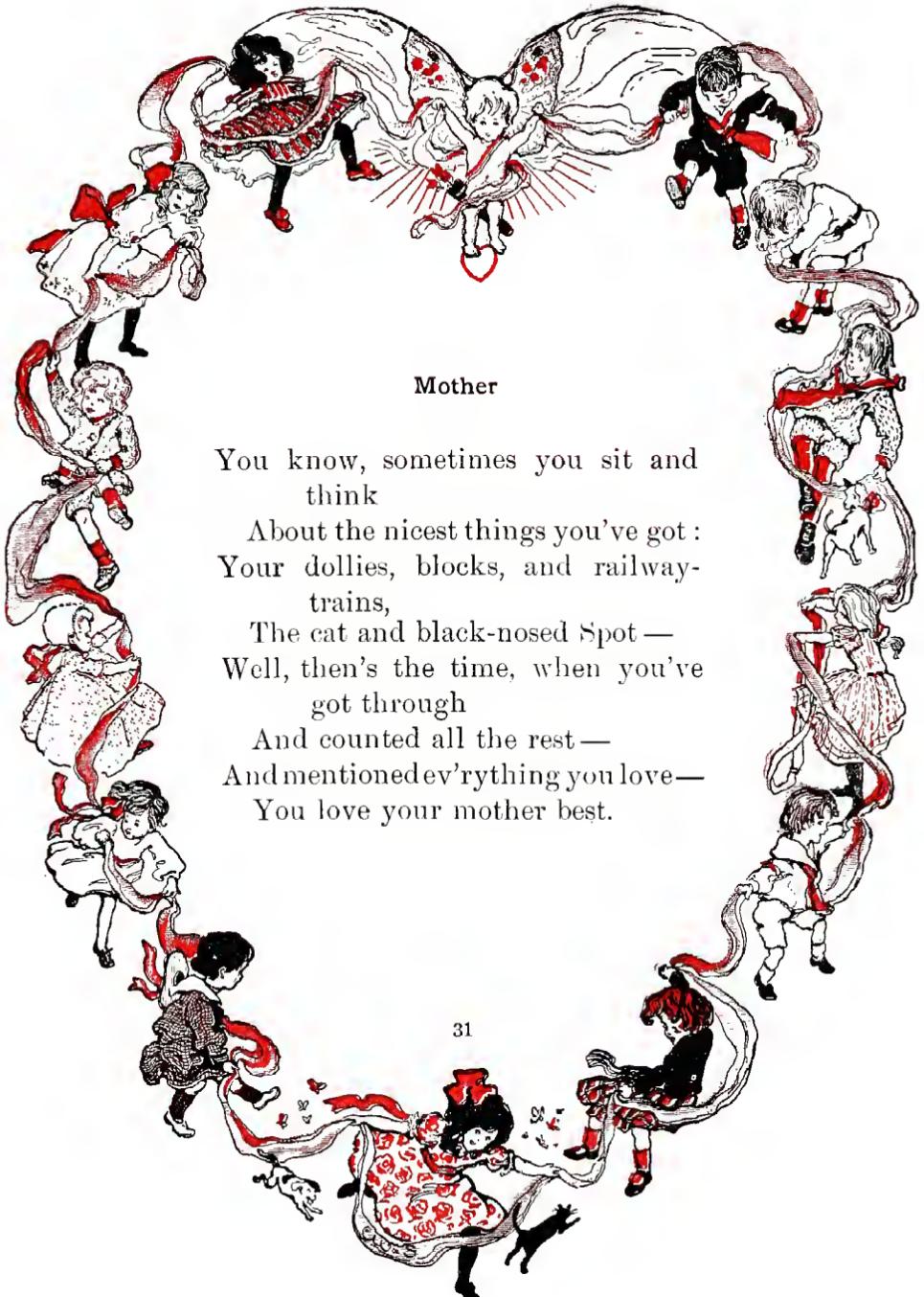
II

My father's been away from here
A long, long time, you see,
And so there's no one left around
Except my ma and me ;
But I'm her little comrade,
And, oh, I love her so !—
Why don't the old years hurry up
A bit and help me grow ?
I'll give her all my money —
Yes, everything I can —
And she shan't ever cry again
When I'm a Great Big Man !



Mother





Mother

You know, sometimes you sit and
think

About the nicest things you've got :
Your dollies, blocks, and railway-
trains,

The cat and black-nosed Spot —
Well, then's the time, when you've
got through

And counted all the rest —
And mentioned ev'rything you love —
You love your mother best.



II

My daddy, 'course I love him, too,
But then, somehow, he *couldn't* be
The same, or ever come as close
As mother does to me :
She teaches me to say my prayers ;
She tells me what is right —
Why, oftentimes she'll come in twice
To kiss her boy good-night !

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or long ribbons. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and trousers. The ribbons are long and flowing, creating a continuous loop around the circle. The children are in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The background is plain white.

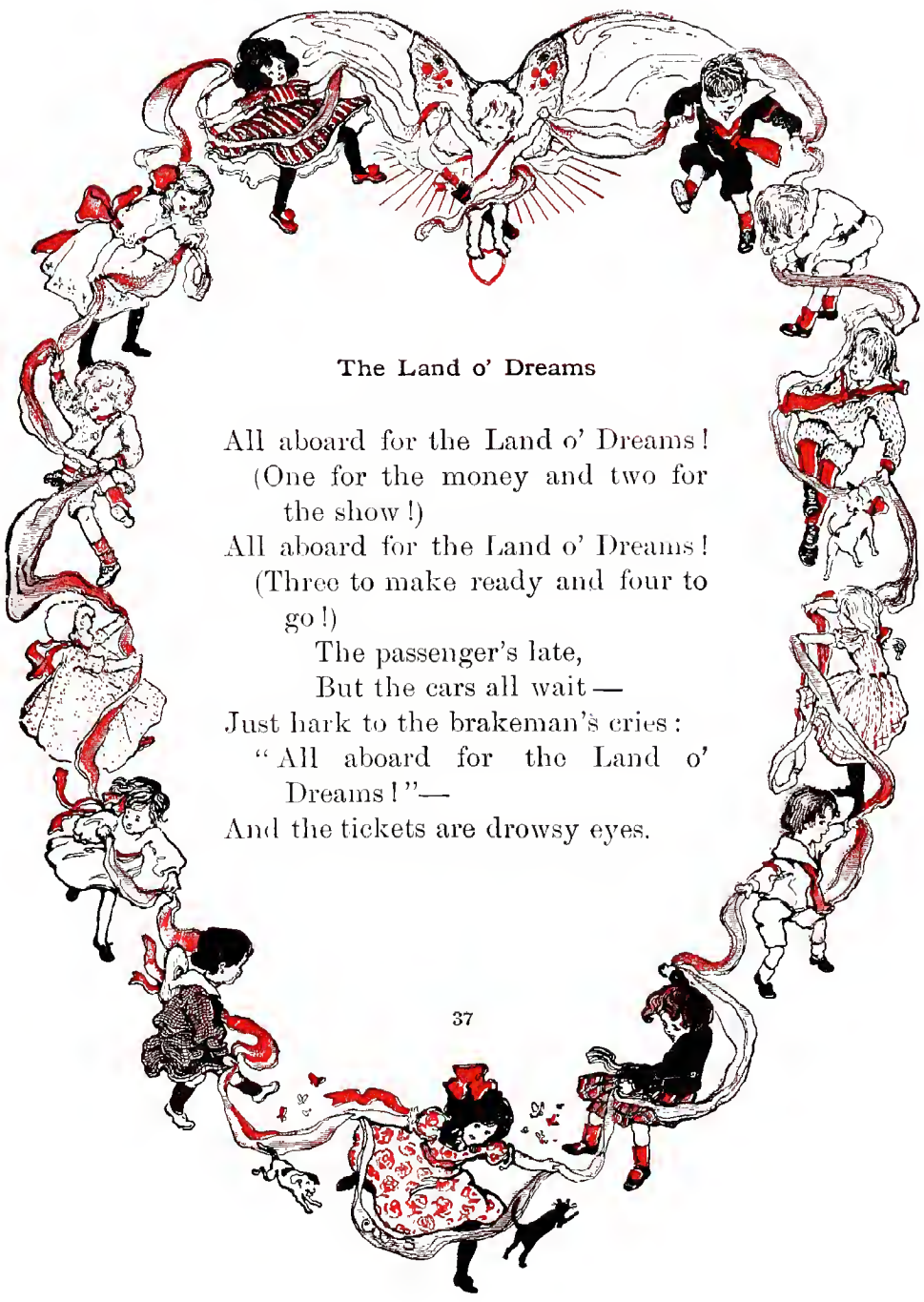
III

Then, when I'm naughty, and
She has to punish, frequently
I'll see her crying: then I know
It hurts her more than me.
So she, you see, must love me most —
Yes, more than all the rest —
And, though I love the others lots,
I love my mother best.



o' Dreams



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are dressed in various costumes, including dresses with large bows, kilts, and traditional Scottish attire. They are holding hands or long ribbons, forming a circle around the central text. The style is a black and white line drawing with red highlights on the ribbons and some clothing.

The Land o' Dreams

All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(One for the money and two for
the show!)

All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(Three to make ready and four to
go!)

The passenger's late,
But the cars all wait —
Just hark to the brakeman's cries:
"All aboard for the Land o'
Dreams!" —
And the tickets are drowsy eyes.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or scarves, performing a dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and trousers. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The circle is formed by their bodies and the long scarves they are holding. The background is plain white.

II

All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(One for the money and two for
the show!)

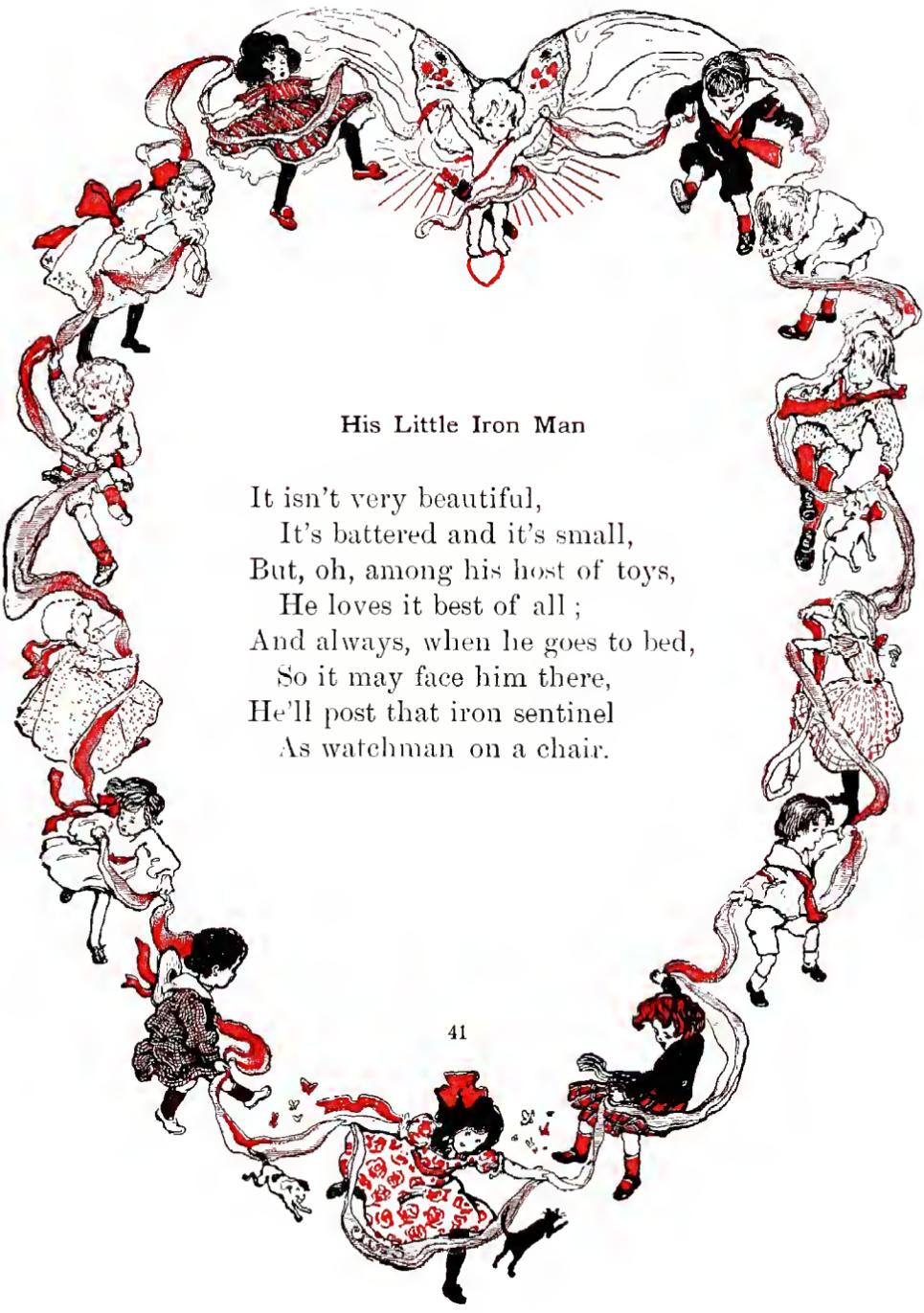
All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(Three to make ready and four to
go!)

The whistles sound,
And the wheels go 'round,
And the bright green fields slip past;
The passenger's here and the track
is clear
To the Land o' Dreams at last!



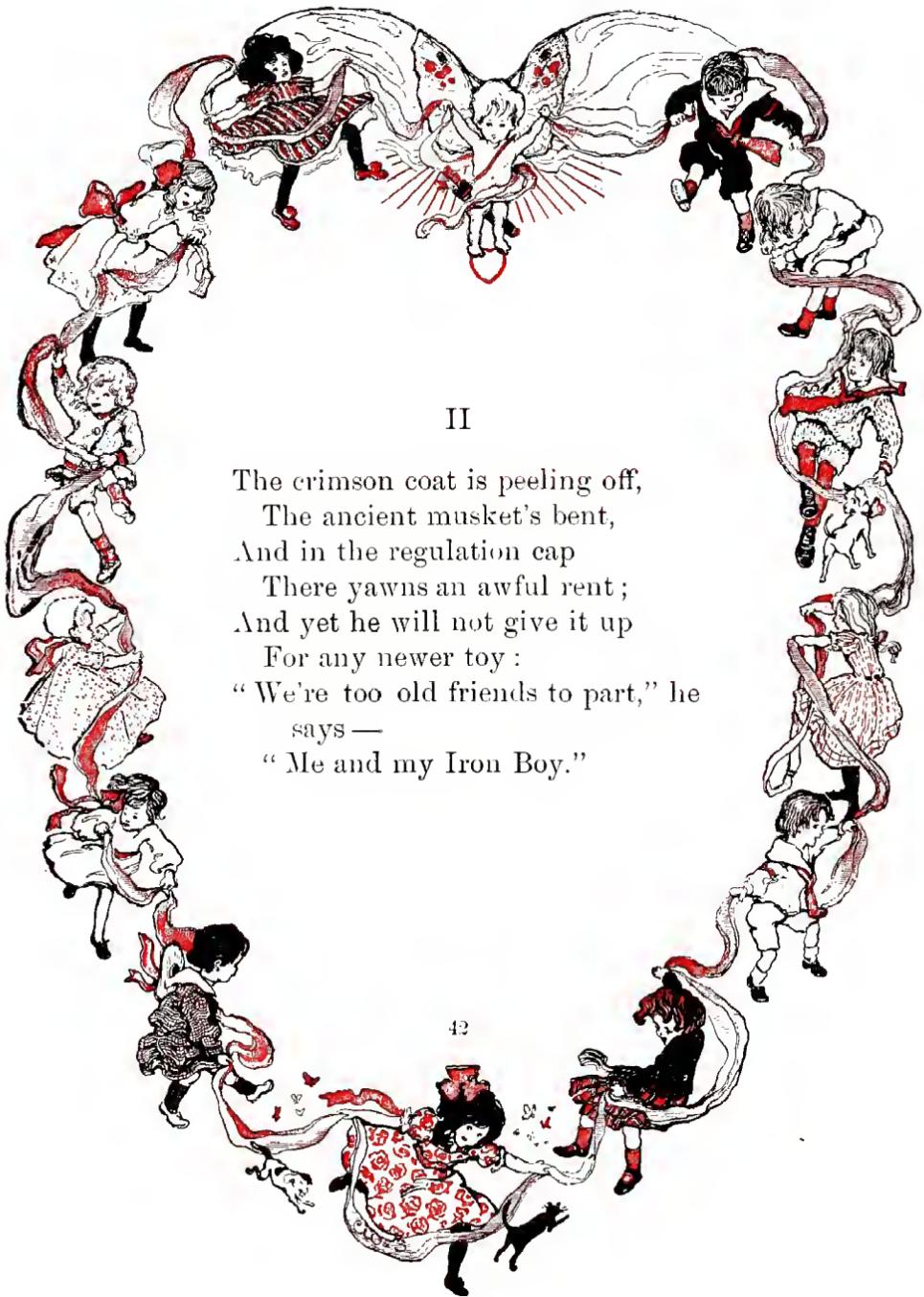
His Little Iron Man





His Little Iron Man

It isn't very beautiful,
It's battered and it's small,
But, oh, among his host of toys,
He loves it best of all ;
And always, when he goes to bed,
So it may face him there,
He'll post that iron sentinel
As watchman on a chair.



II

The crimson coat is peeling off,
The ancient musket's bent,
And in the regulation cap
There yawns an awful rent ;
And yet he will not give it up
For any newer toy :
" We're too old friends to part," he
says —
" Me and my Iron Boy."



III

The wounds were in his service won ;
He loves him more to-day
Than when he came, a raw recruit,
In regimentals gay ;
And so at night I whisper low :
“ Oh, do the best you can,
And keep a steadfast watch and
ward,
Brave little Iron Man ! ”



Sick



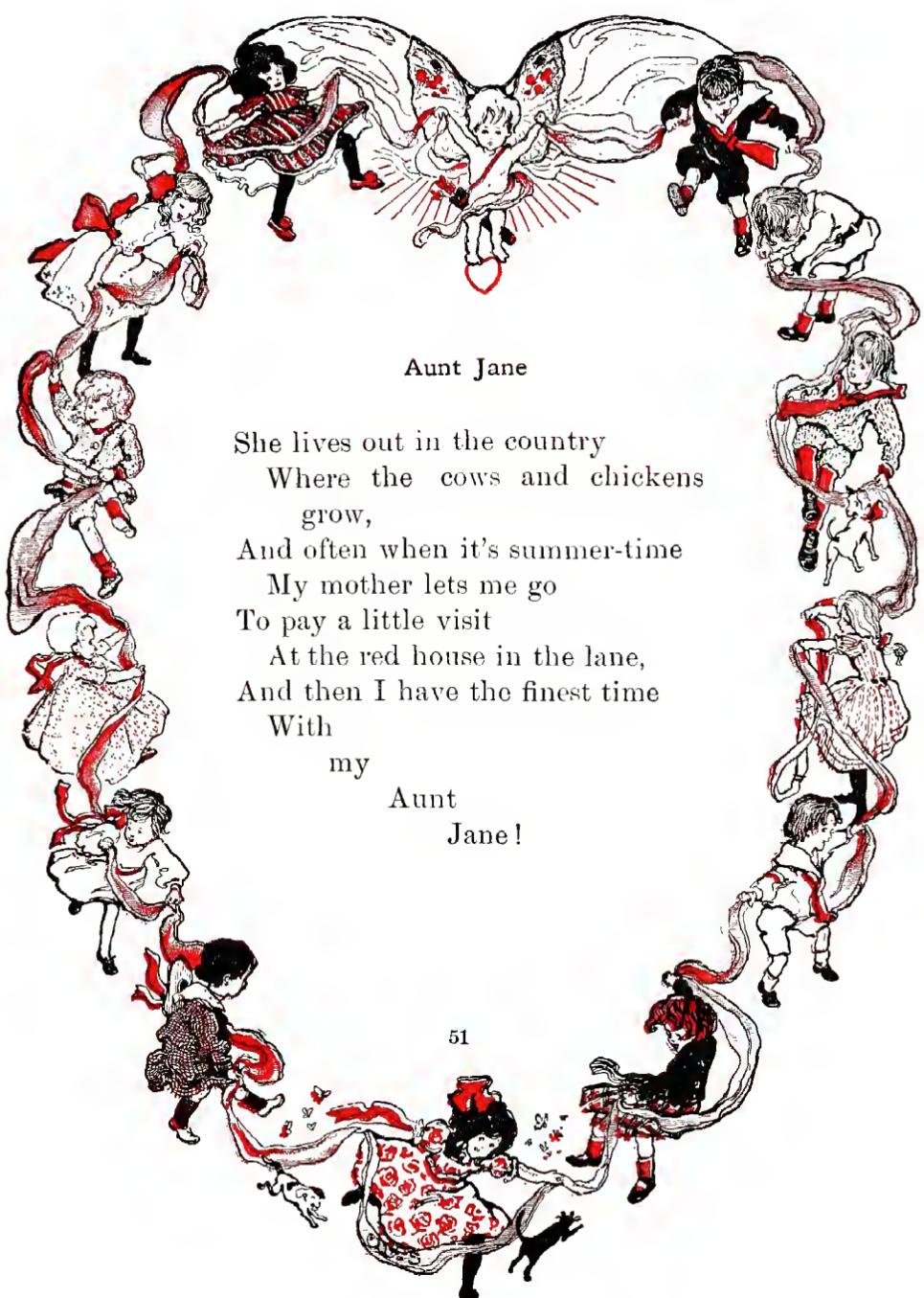
A circular illustration of children holding hands in a ring, with a central figure holding a heart. The children are dressed in various costumes, including a girl in a red and black dress, a boy in a white shirt and black pants, and a girl in a white dress with a red bow. The central figure is a girl in a white dress with a red bow, holding a red heart. The entire scene is framed by a circular border of children holding hands.

Sick

Isn't it funny when you're sick
Nothing ever happens quick? —
Minutes all like hours go;
Never saw things quite so slow!
Doctor makes you keep in bed
Almost just as if you're dead,
And the awful'st tasting stuff
That he gives you! It's enough
Just to keep you there until
He is through—and needs the *bill*!

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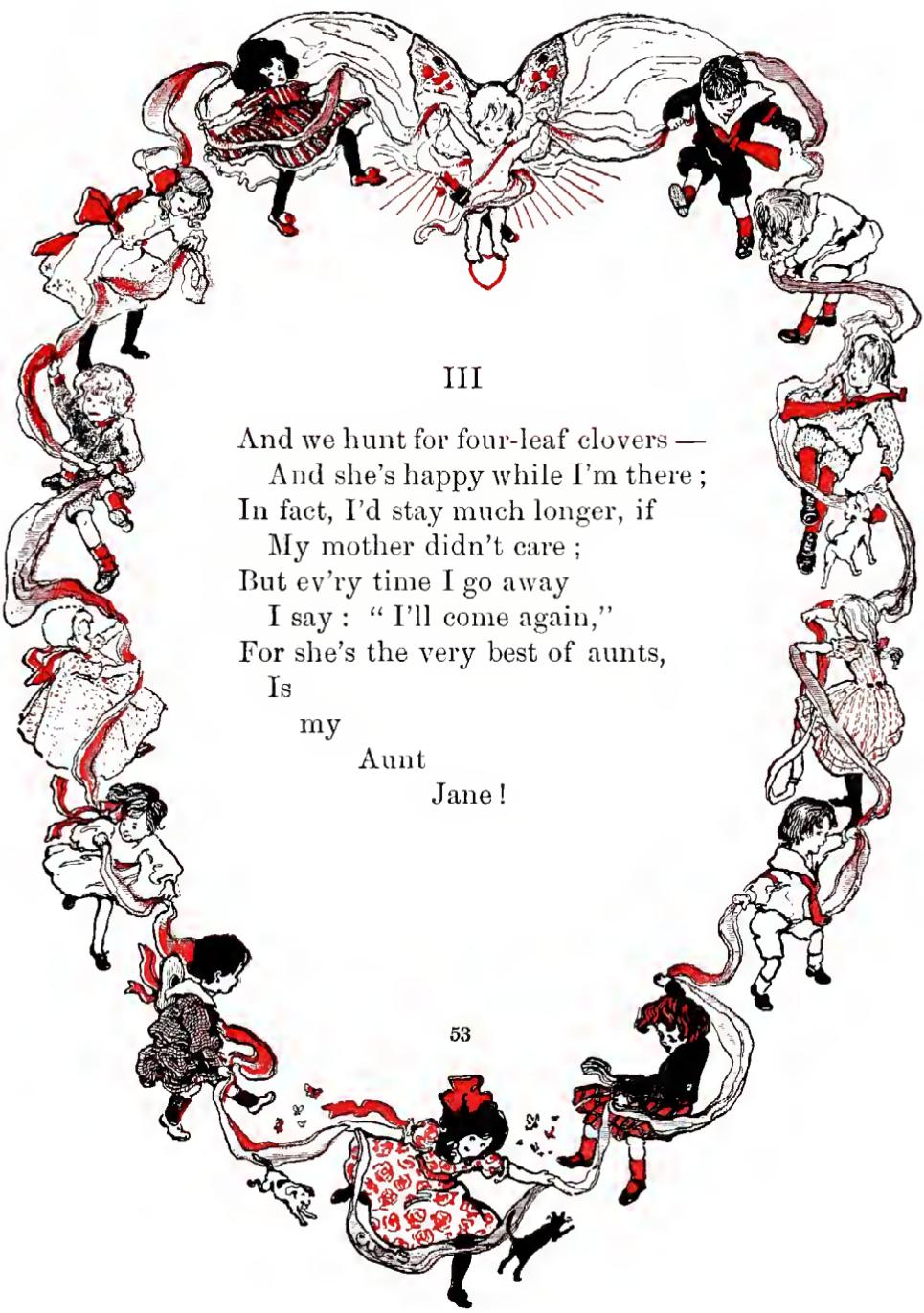
Aunt Jane

She lives out in the country
Where the cows and chickens
grow,
And often when it's summer-time
My mother lets me go
To pay a little visit
At the red house in the lane,
And then I have the finest time
With
my
Aunt
Jane!

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or scarves, performing a ring dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and hats. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, some standing, some kneeling, and some sitting. The background is plain white.

II

She shows me all the flowers —
She knows the names of all —
She takes me out to climb a hill
From which the whole world's
small ;
And once she let me drive the
horse —
With all its might and main,
It took me flying up the road
With
my
Aunt
Jane !

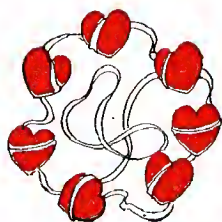


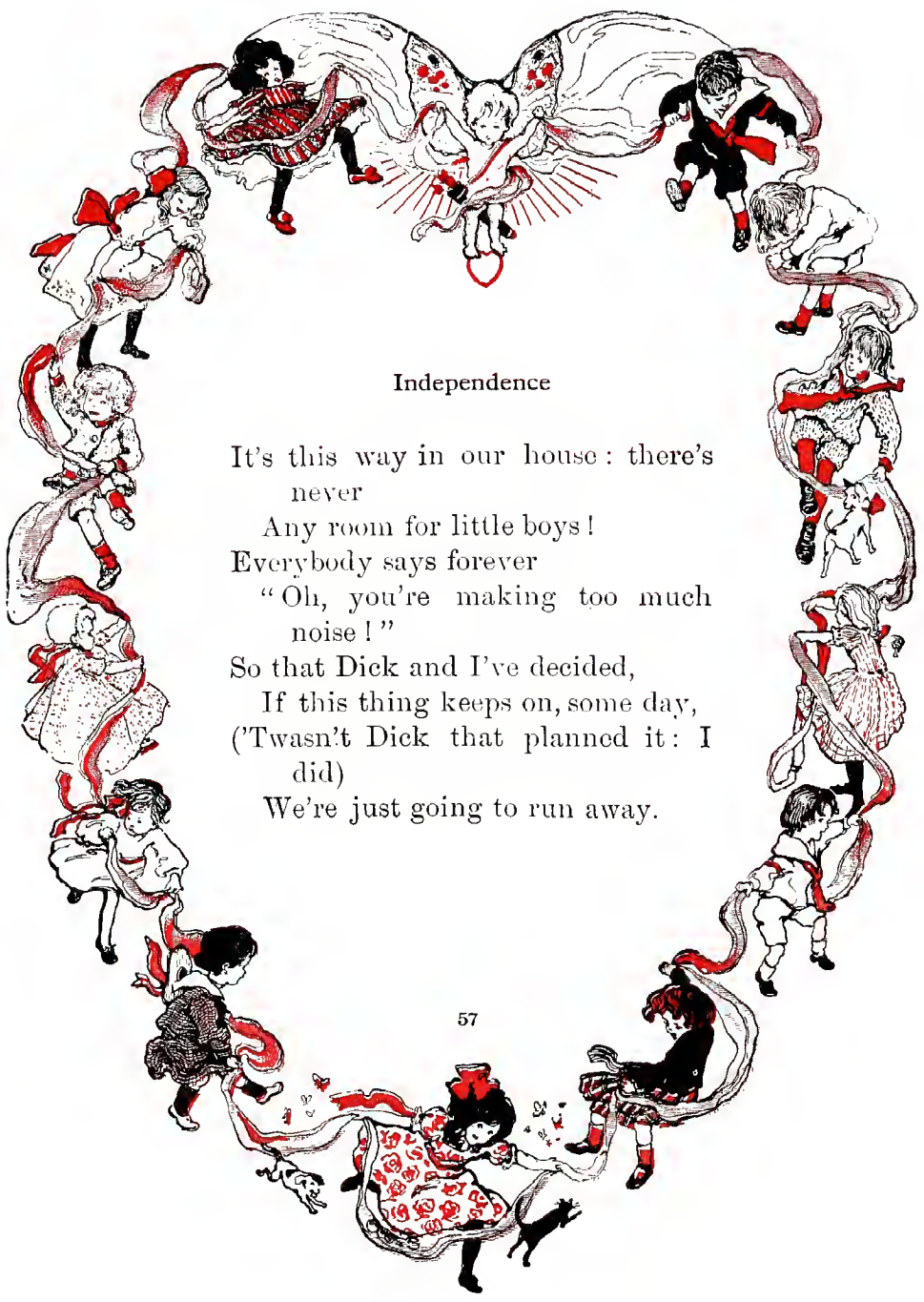
III

And we hunt for four-leaf clovers —
And she's happy while I'm there ;
In fact, I'd stay much longer, if
My mother didn't care ;
But ev'ry time I go away
I say : " I'll come again,"
For she's the very best of aunts,
Is
my
Aunt
Jane !



Independence



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or ribbons, performing a dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and sweaters. The ribbons are long and flowing, creating a circular pattern around the text. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and energy. The overall style is that of a classic children's book illustration.

Independence

It's this way in our house : there's
never

Any room for little boys !

Everybody says forever

" Oh, you're making too much
noise ! "

So that Dick and I've decided,

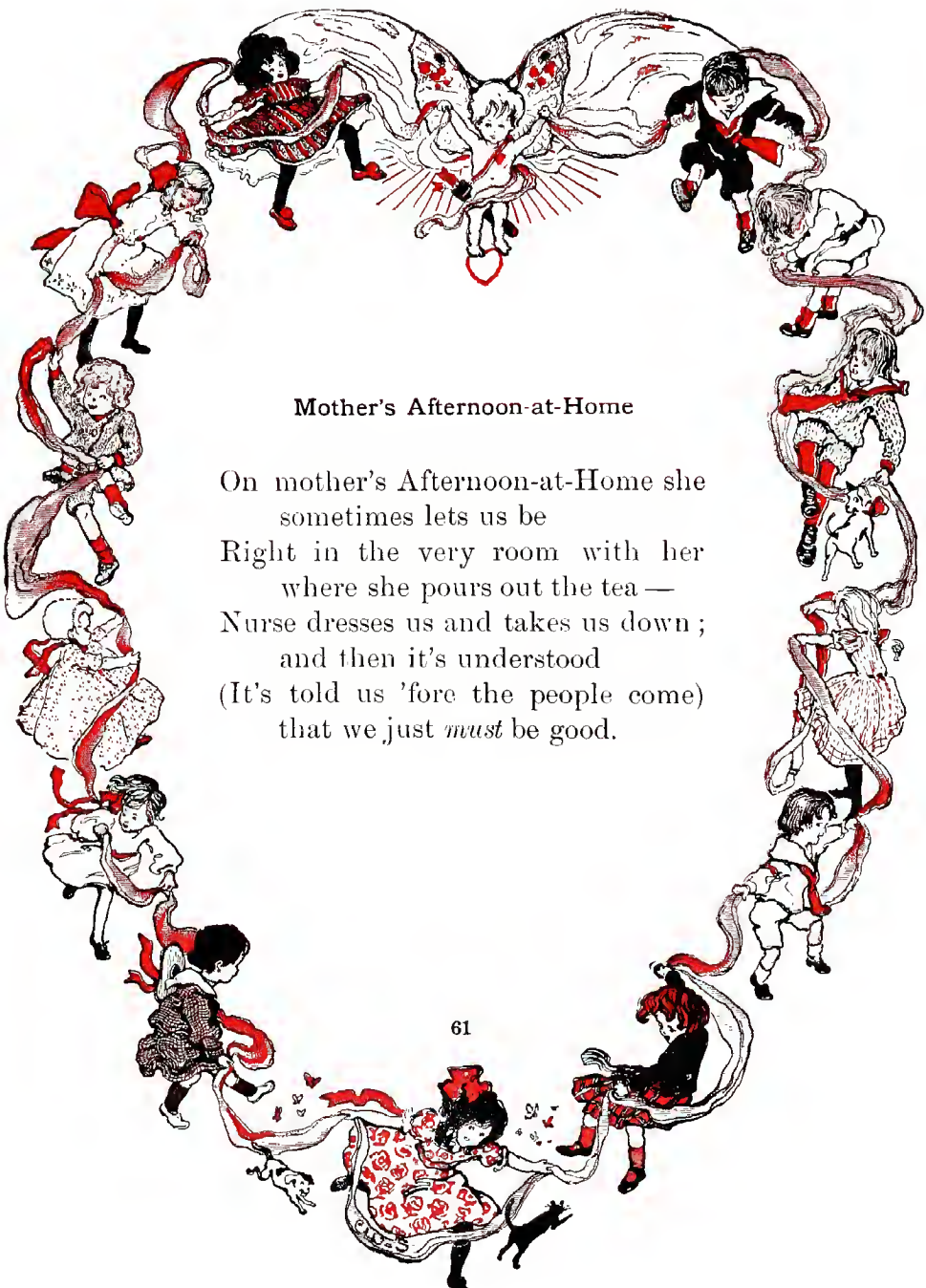
If this thing keeps on, some day,
('Twasn't Dick that planned it : I
did)

We're just going to run away.



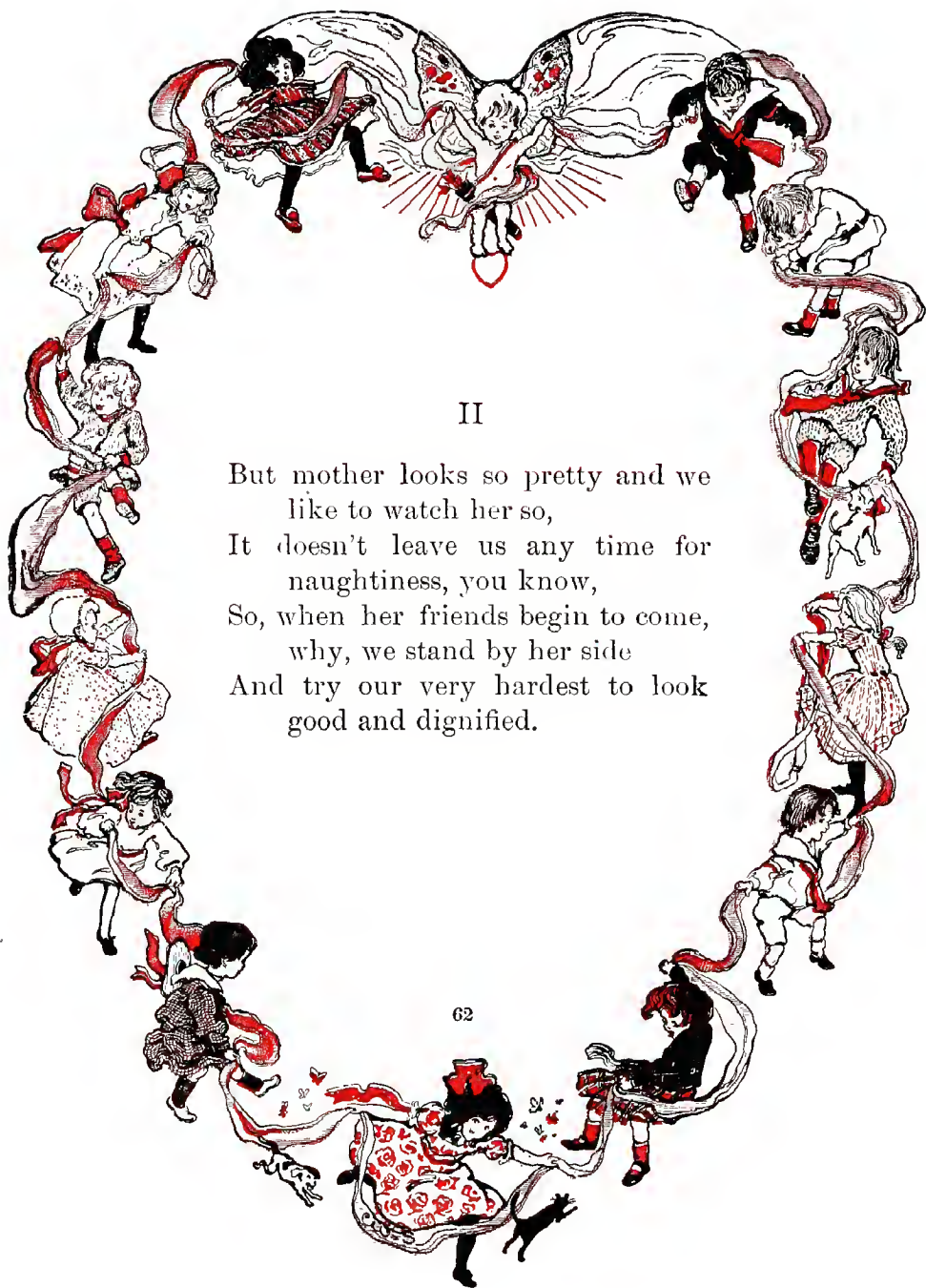
Mother's Afternoon-at-Home



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or ribbons, performing a dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and trousers. The ribbons are long and flowing, creating a continuous loop around the circle. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and energy. The background is plain white, making the colorful figures stand out.

Mother's Afternoon-at-Home

On mother's Afternoon-at-Home she
sometimes lets us be
Right in the very room with her
where she pours out the tea —
Nurse dresses us and takes us down ;
and then it's understood
(It's told us 'fore the people come)
that we just *must* be good.



II

But mother looks so pretty and we
like to watch her so,
It doesn't leave us any time for
naughtiness, you know,
So, when her friends begin to come,
why, we stand by her side
And try our very hardest to look
good and dignified.

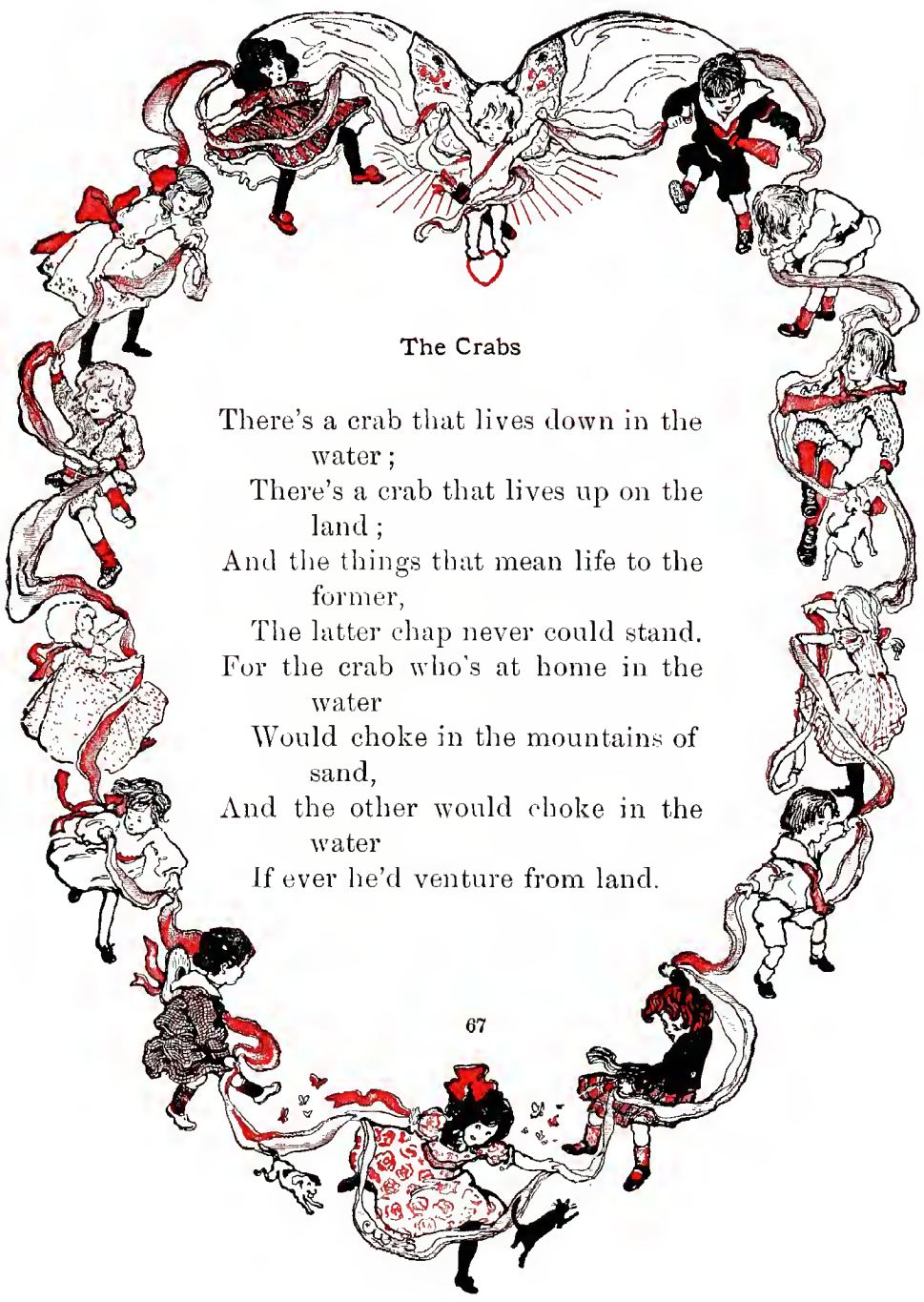
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The Crabs





The Crabs

There's a crab that lives down in the
water ;
There's a crab that lives up on the
land ;
And the things that mean life to the
former,
The latter chap never could stand.
For the crab who's at home in the
water
Would choke in the mountains of
sand,
And the other would choke in the
water
If ever he'd venture from land.



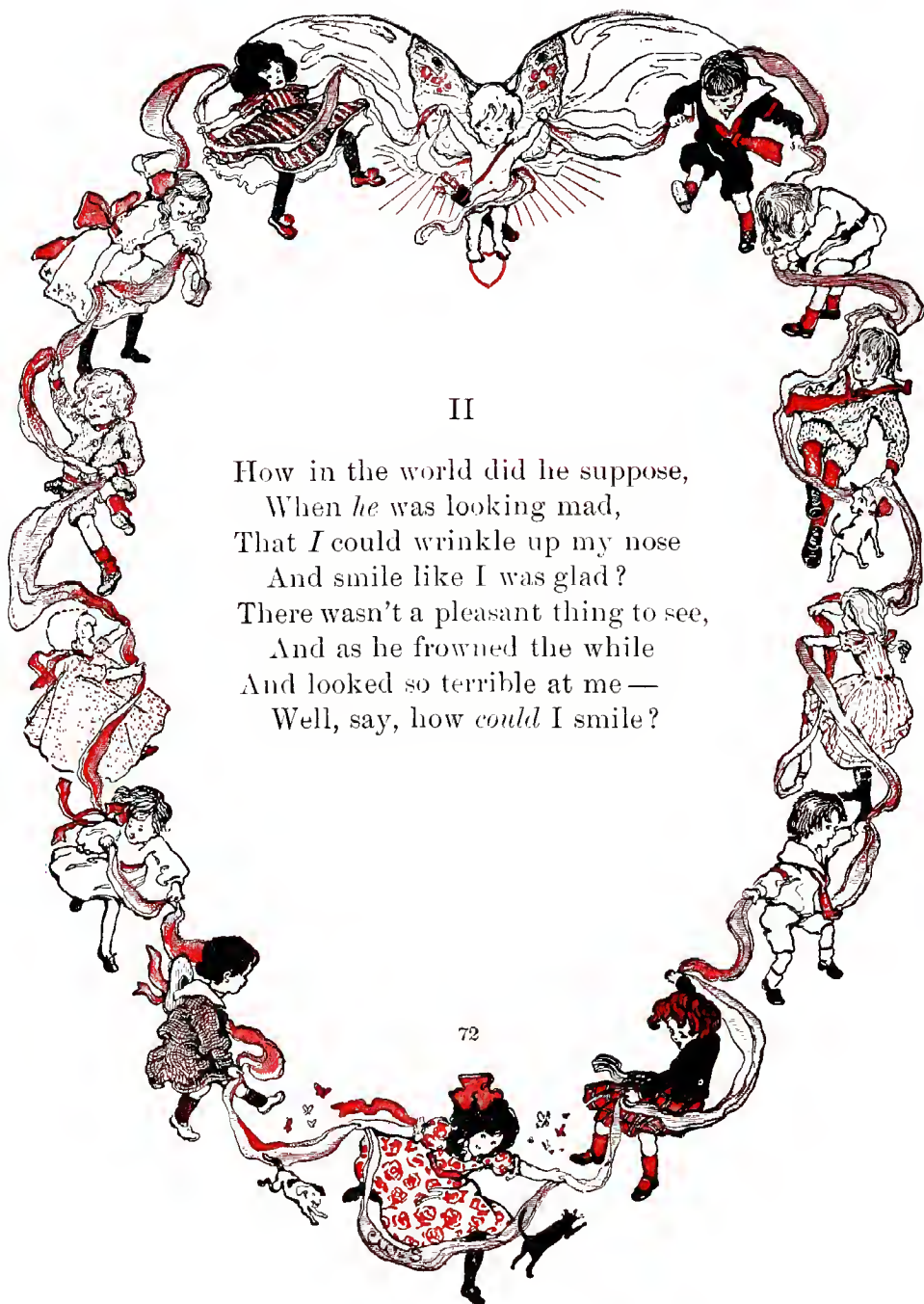
Having Your Picture Taken





Having Your Picture Taken

My mother took me out one day
To have my picture taken,
And if you think that that was play,
I tell you you're mistaken :
The Picture-Man would twist this
way
And that the longest while,
And then he'd look right mad, and
say :
" Now, little boy, just smile ! "



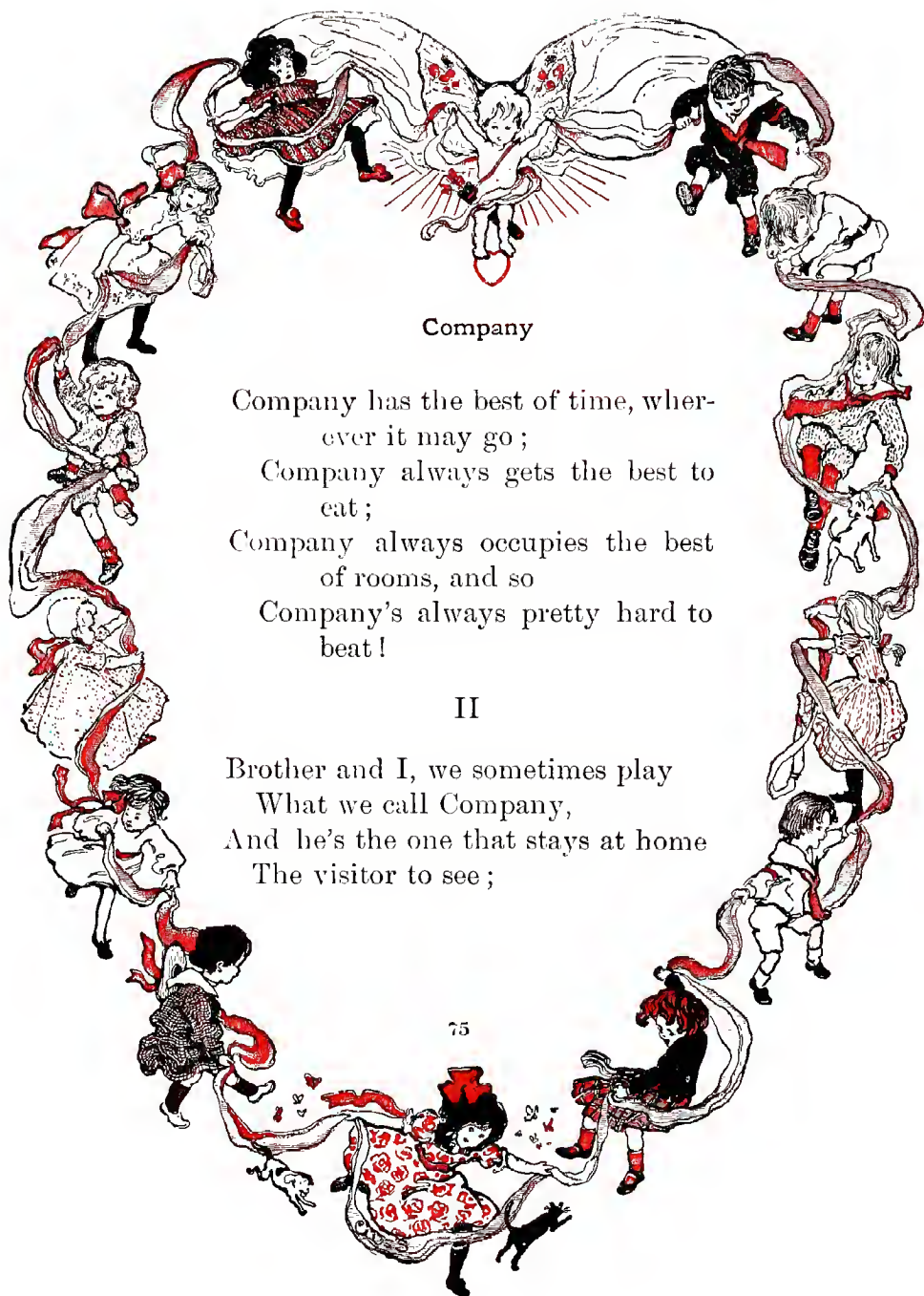
II

How in the world did he suppose,
When *he* was looking mad,
That *I* could wrinkle up my nose
And smile like I was glad?
There wasn't a pleasant thing to see,
And as he frowned the while
And looked so terrible at me —
Well, say, how *could* I smile?



Company



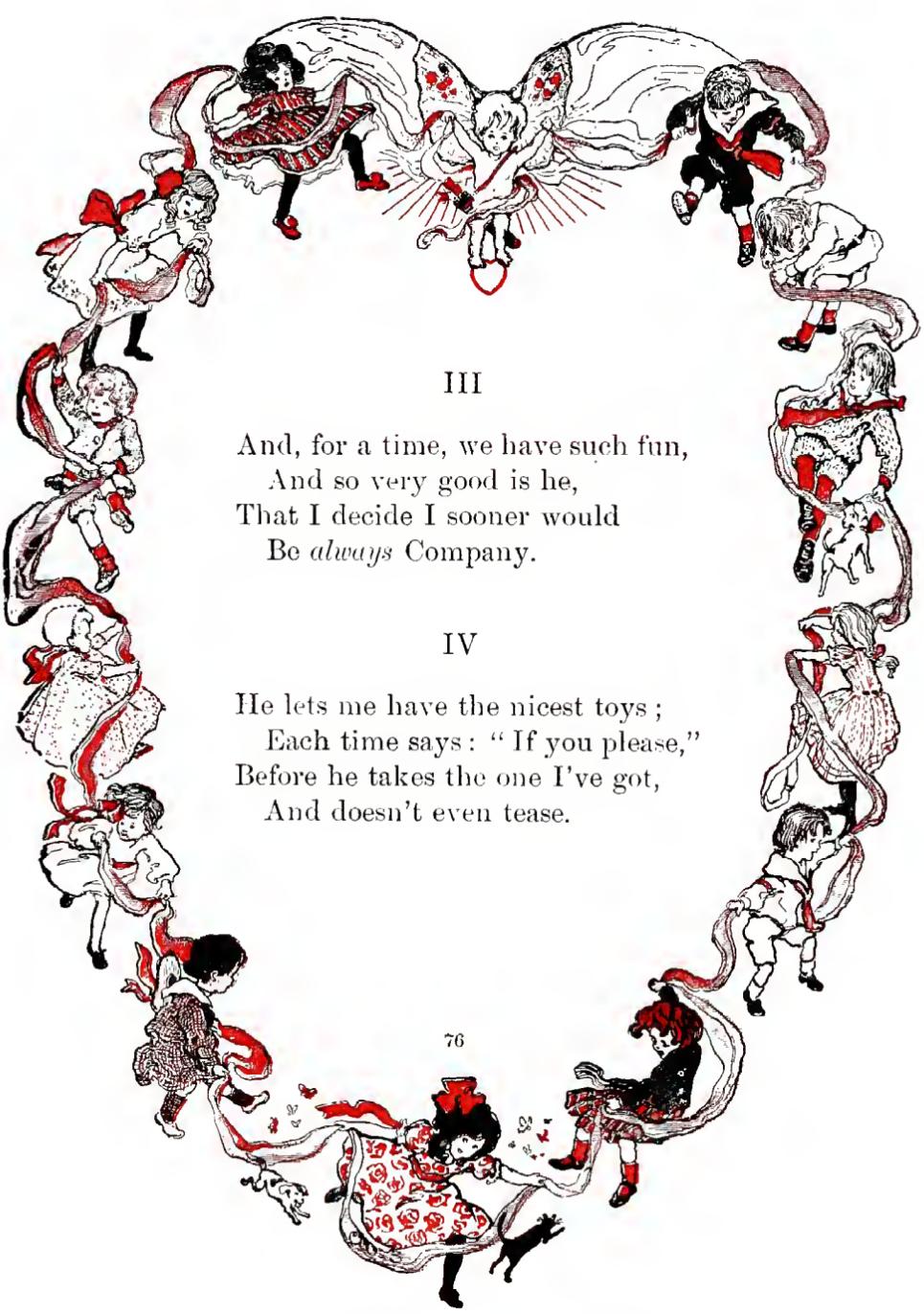


Company

Company has the best of time, wherever it may go ;
Company always gets the best to eat ;
Company always occupies the best of rooms, and so
Company's always pretty hard to beat !

II

Brother and I, we sometimes play
What we call Company,
And he's the one that stays at home
The visitor to see ;

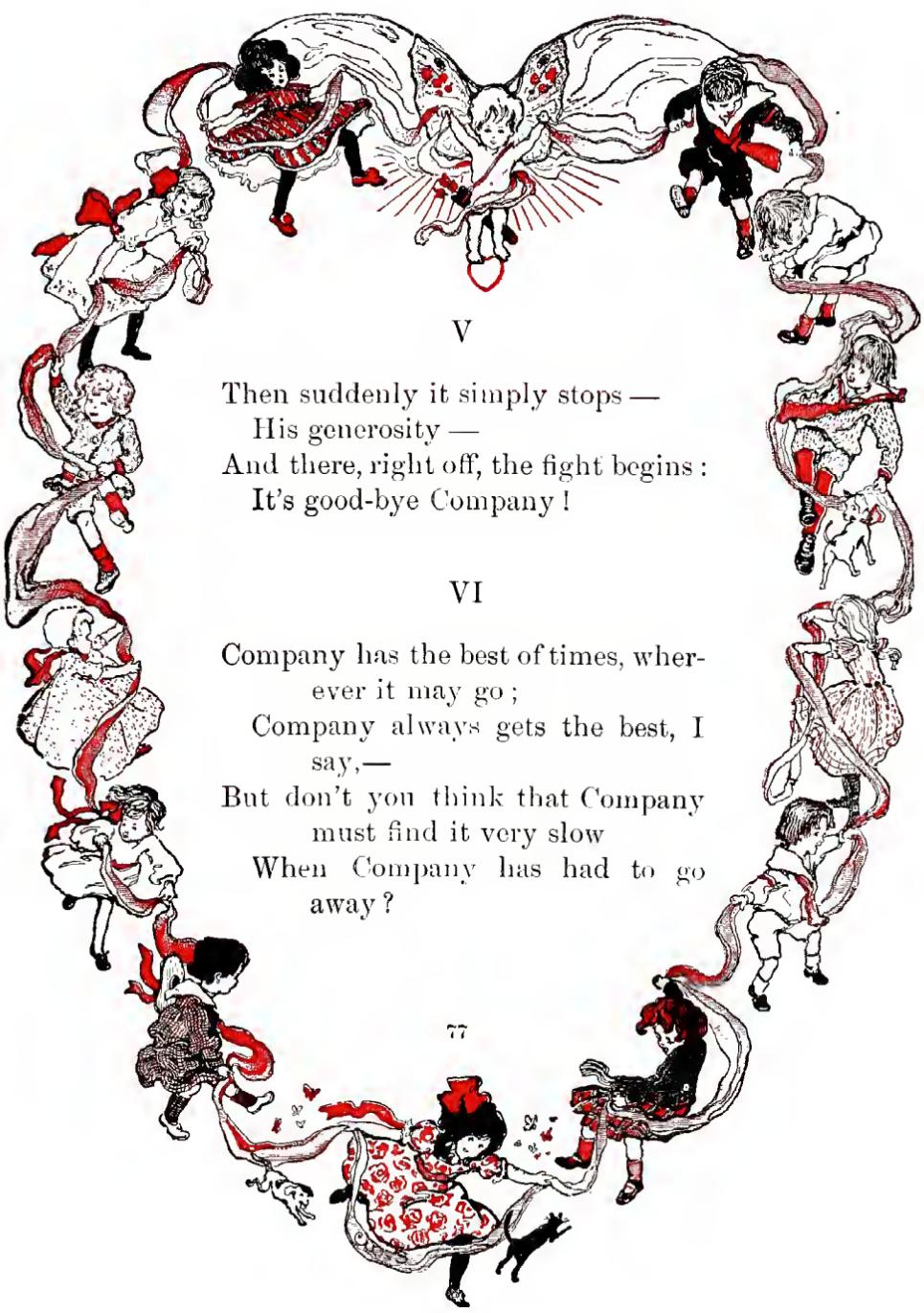


III

And, for a time, we have such fun,
And so very good is he,
That I decide I sooner would
Be *always* Company.

IV

He lets me have the nicest toys ;
Each time says : " If you please,"
Before he takes the one I've got,
And doesn't even tease.



V

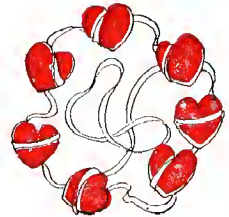
Then suddenly it simply stops —
 His generosity —
 And there, right off, the fight begins :
 It's good-bye Company !

VI

Company has the best of times, wherever it may go ;
 Company always gets the best, I say, —
 But don't you think that Company
 must find it very slow
 When Company has had to go
 away ?



The Little Girl Next Door



A circular illustration of children playing with a large kite. The kite is a large, light-colored diamond shape with a red cross and a long, flowing red tail. Several children are holding the tail, which loops around the central text. The children are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. At the top, a boy in a dark suit and a girl in a white dress with a red bow are visible. On the right, a boy in a white shirt and dark pants is holding the tail. At the bottom, a girl in a red and white patterned dress is holding the tail, with a small black cat nearby. The entire scene is framed by the kite's tail, creating a circular border around the text.

The Little Girl Next Door

We have the very best of times, my
brother Dick and I,
A-playing with the little girl next
door ;
She's the nicest sort of little girl—we
never hear her cry —
And each day come to like her more
and more :
She interests herself, you see, in
everything we do ;
She helps us fly our kites and mend
our toys,
And then, what is, I think, the best
of all 'bout her—don't you ? —
She doesn't mind a bit because
we're boys.



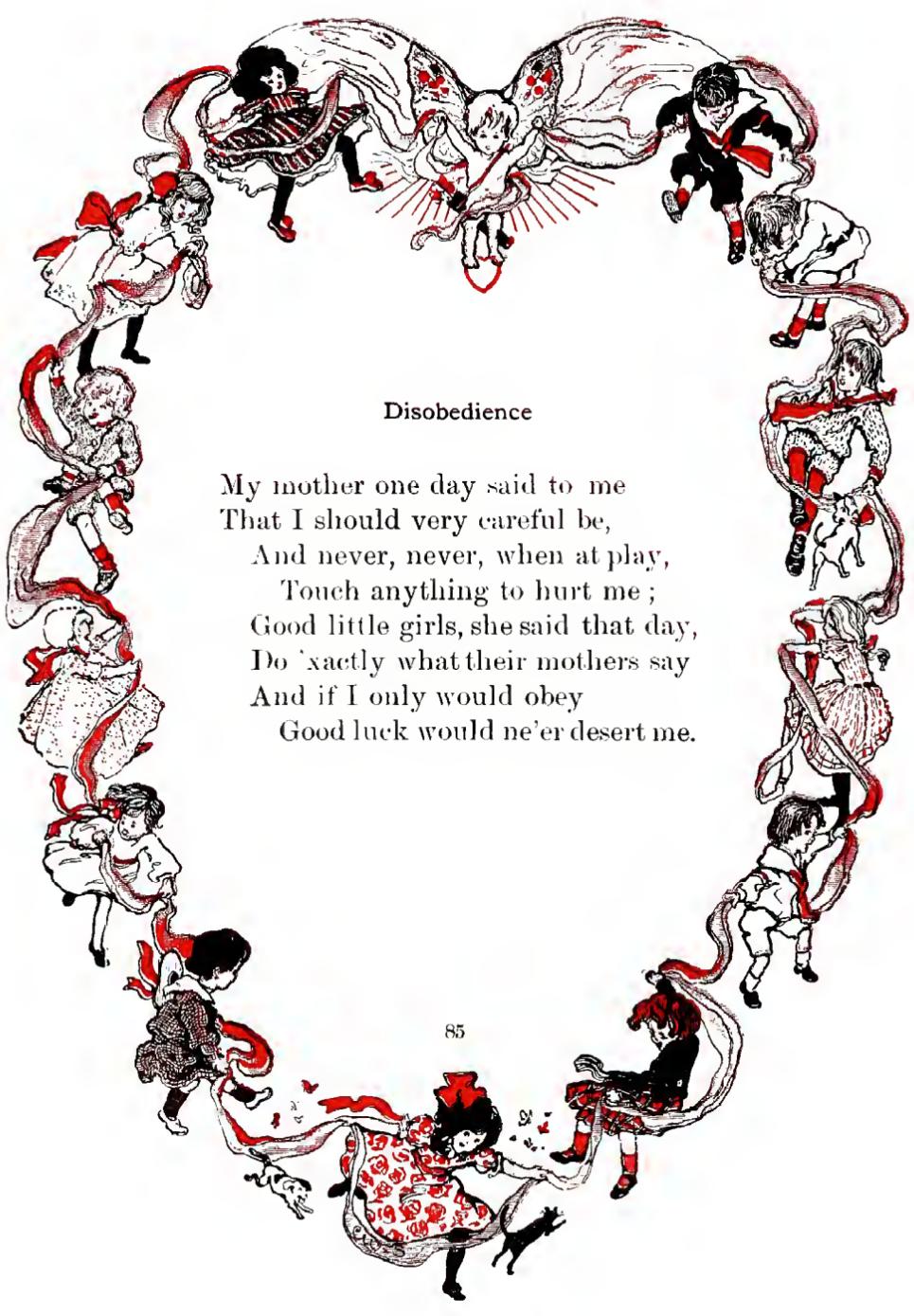
II

Her mother gives her splendid things
—candy and cake and pie ;
And she never fails to share with
Dick and me ;
So when *our* mother gives *us* things
we (nearly always) try
To be as nice to her as we can be.
She strives her very best to do all
she can to please ;
She lets us shout and make the
greatest noise ;
Says that it doesn't matter however
we may tease —
And likes us all the better 'cause
we're boys.



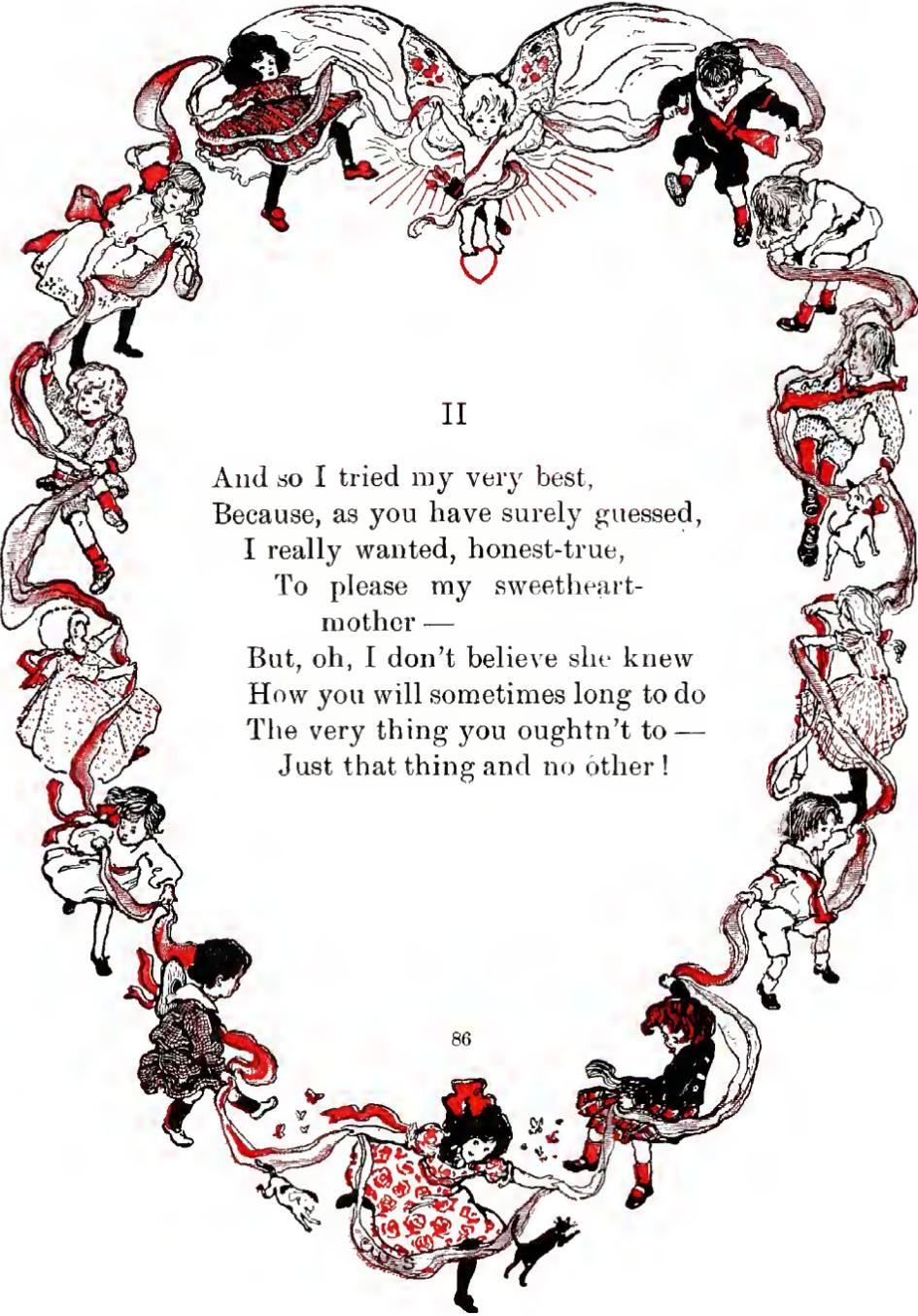
Disobedience





Disobedience

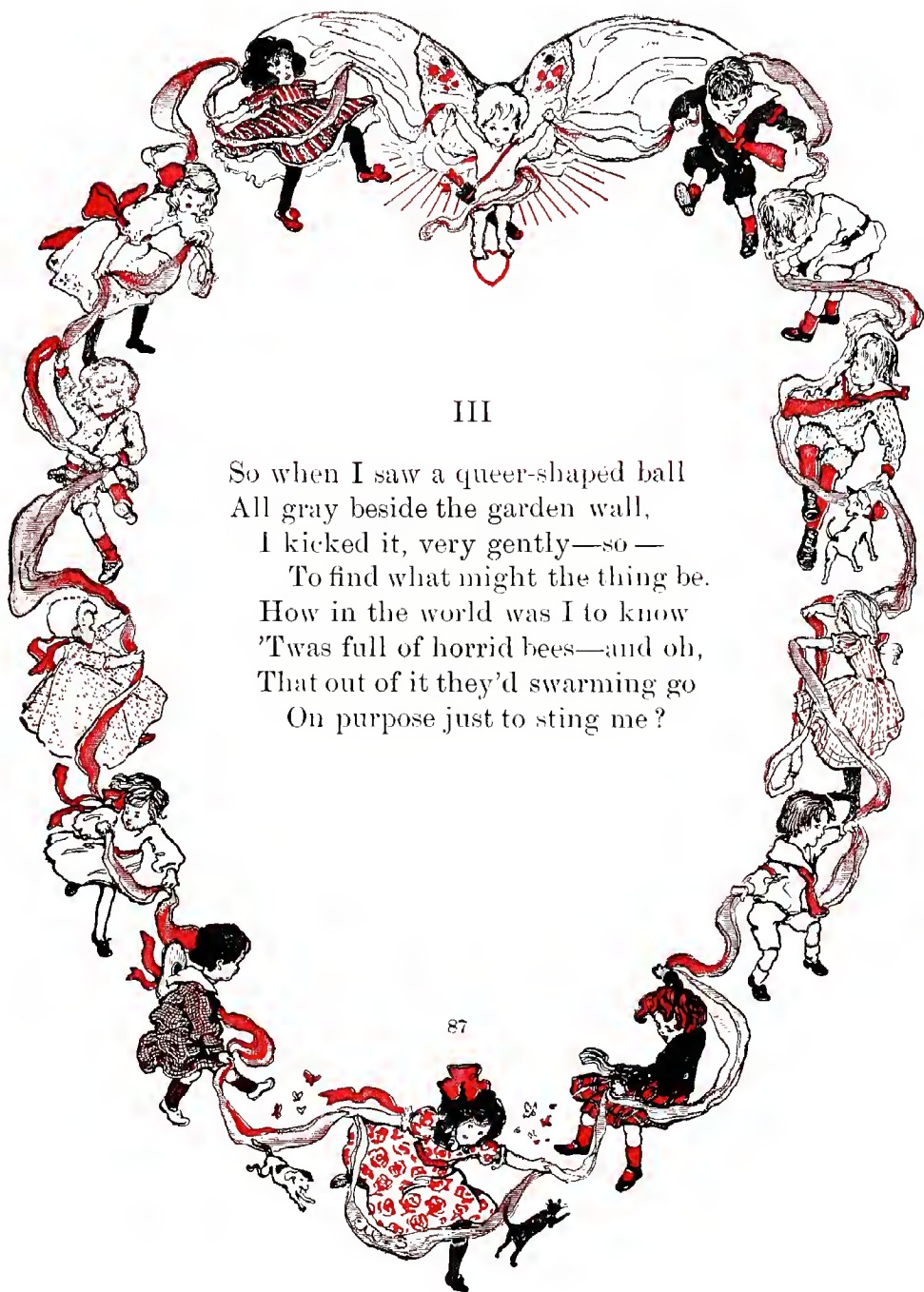
My mother one day said to me
That I should very careful be,
And never, never, when at play,
Touch anything to hurt me ;
Good little girls, she said that day,
Do 'xactly what their mothers say
And if I only would obey
Good luck would ne'er desert me.



II

And so I tried my very best,
Because, as you have surely guessed,
I really wanted, honest-true,
To please my sweetheart-
mother —

But, oh, I don't believe she knew
How you will sometimes long to do
The very thing you oughtn't to —
Just that thing and no other !



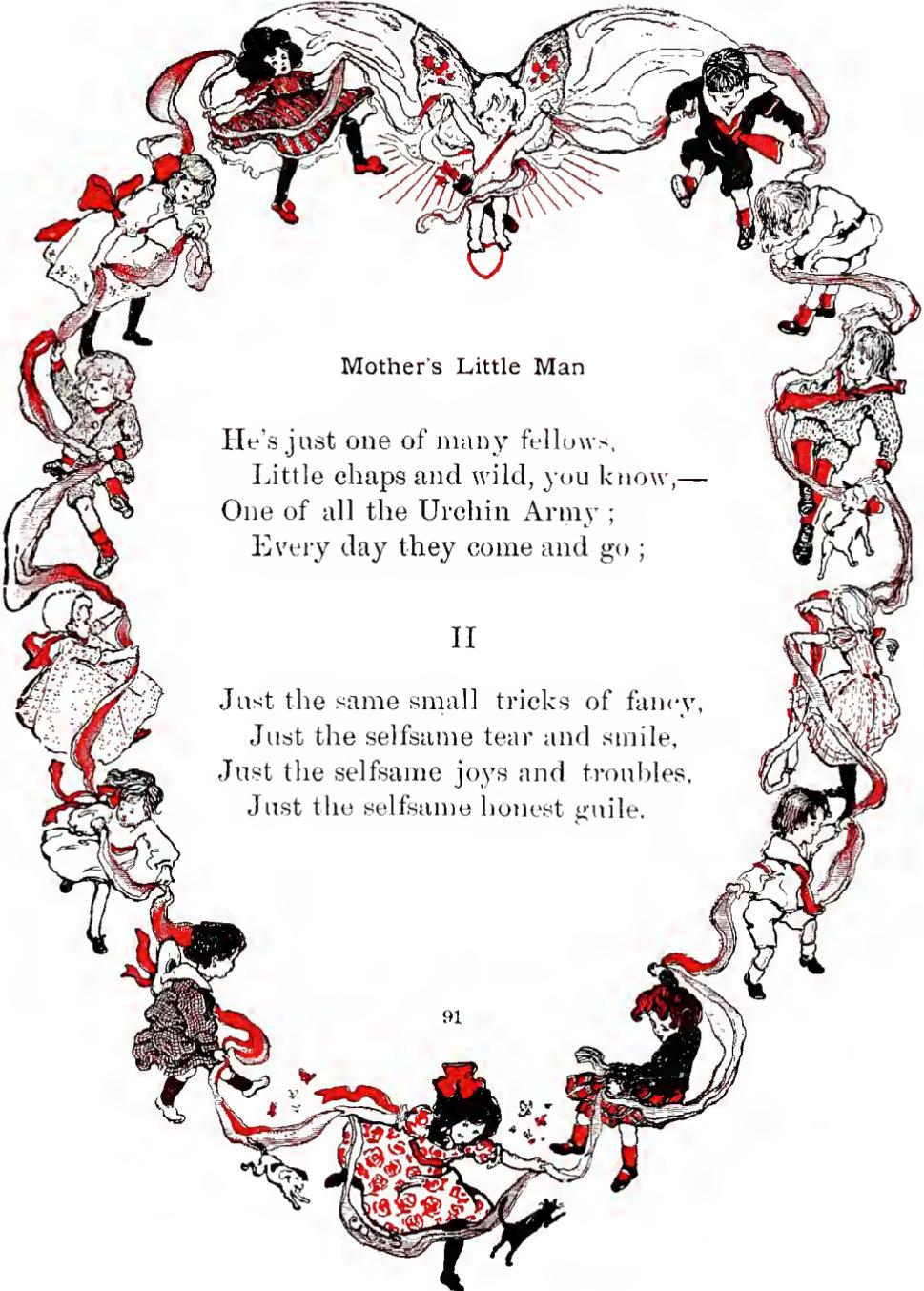
III

So when I saw a queer-shaped ball
All gray beside the garden wall,
I kicked it, very gently—so —
To find what might the thing be.
How in the world was I to know
’Twas full of horrid bees—and oh,
That out of it they’d swarming go
On purpose just to sting me?



Mother's Little Man



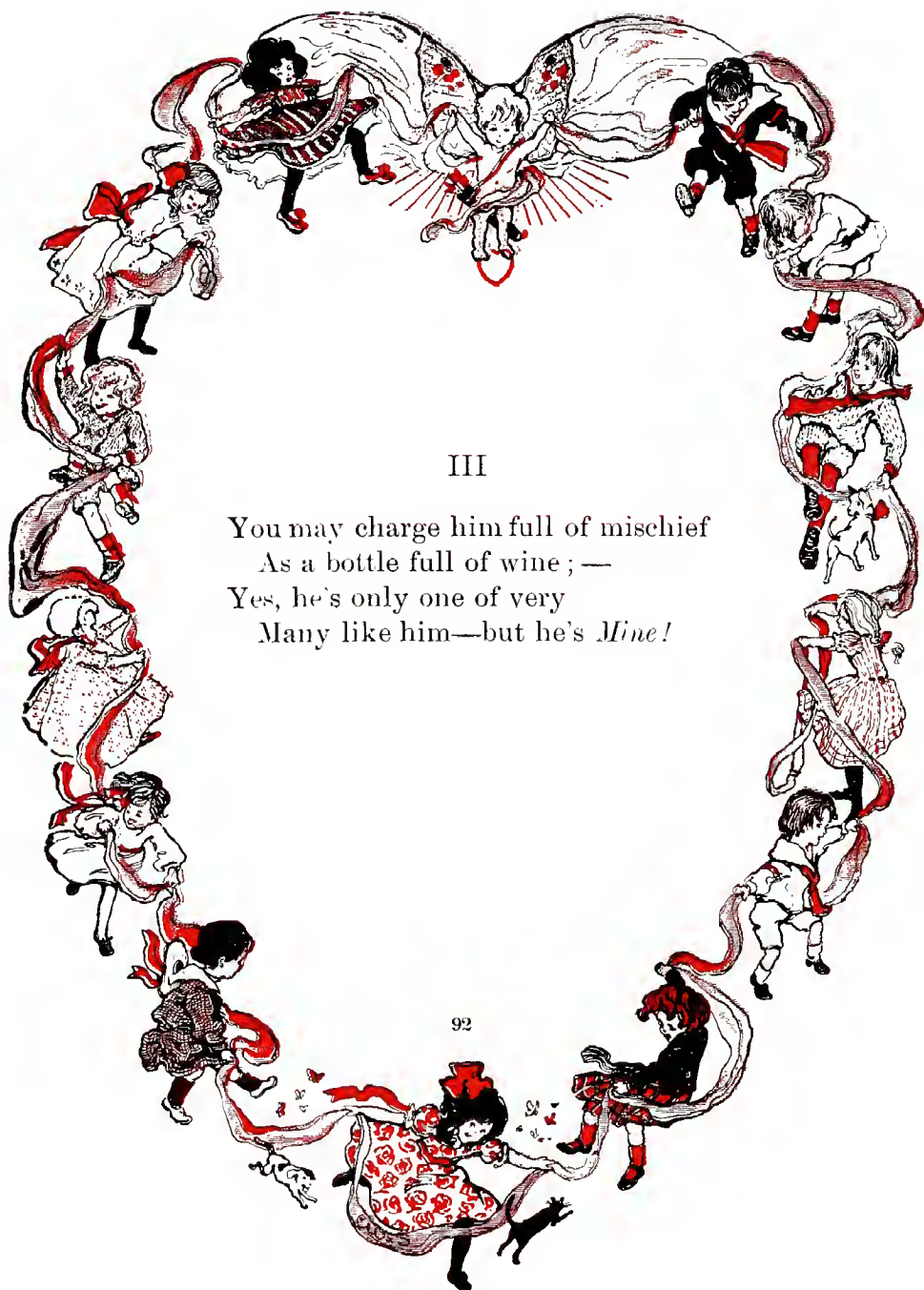


Mother's Little Man

He's just one of many fellows,
Little chaps and wild, you know,—
One of all the Urchin Army ;
Every day they come and go ;

II

Just the same small tricks of fancy,
Just the selfsame tear and smile,
Just the selfsame joys and troubles,
Just the selfsame honest guile.



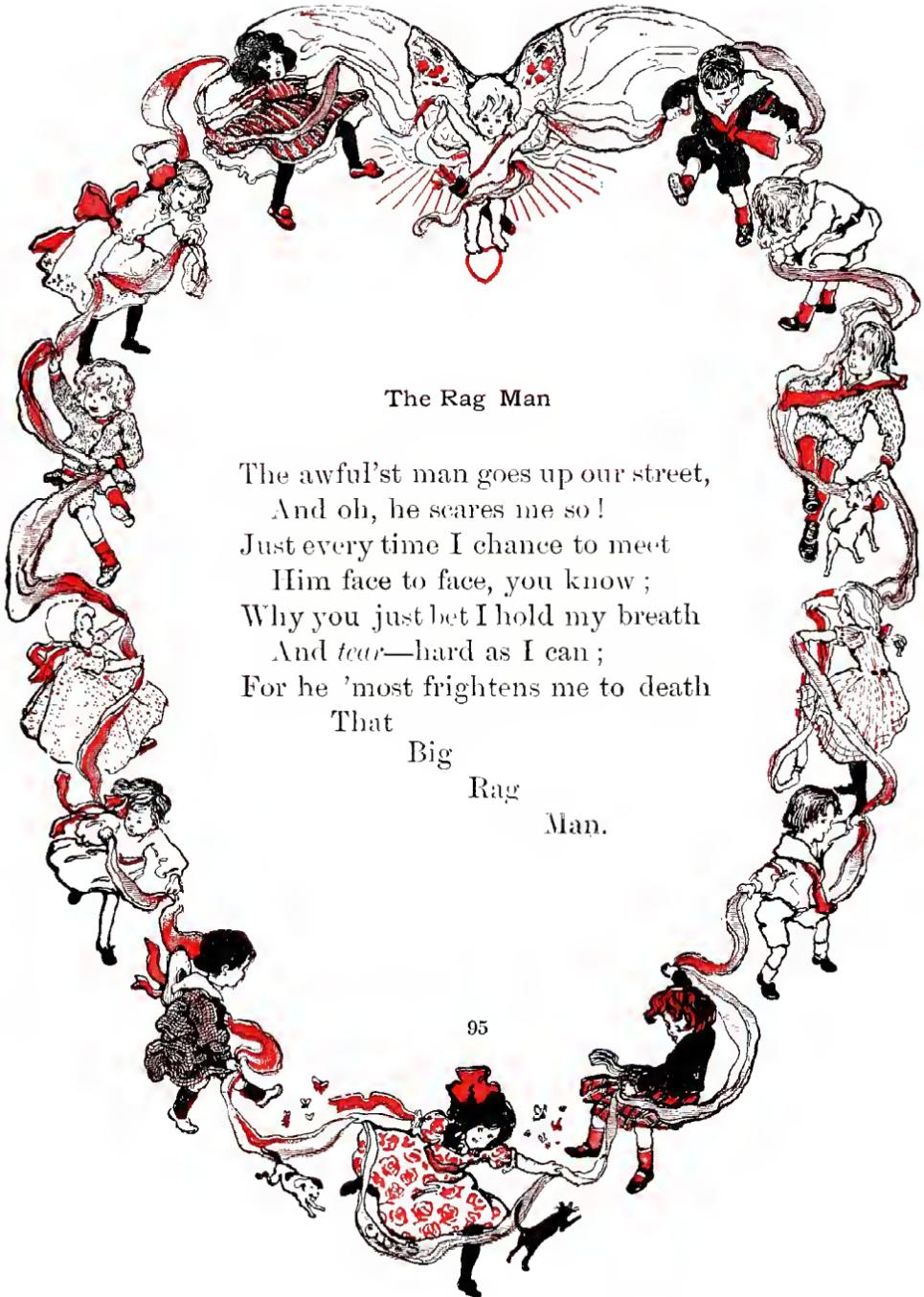
III

You may charge him full of mischief
As a bottle full of wine ; —
Yes, he's only one of very
Many like him—but he's *Mine!*



The Rag Man

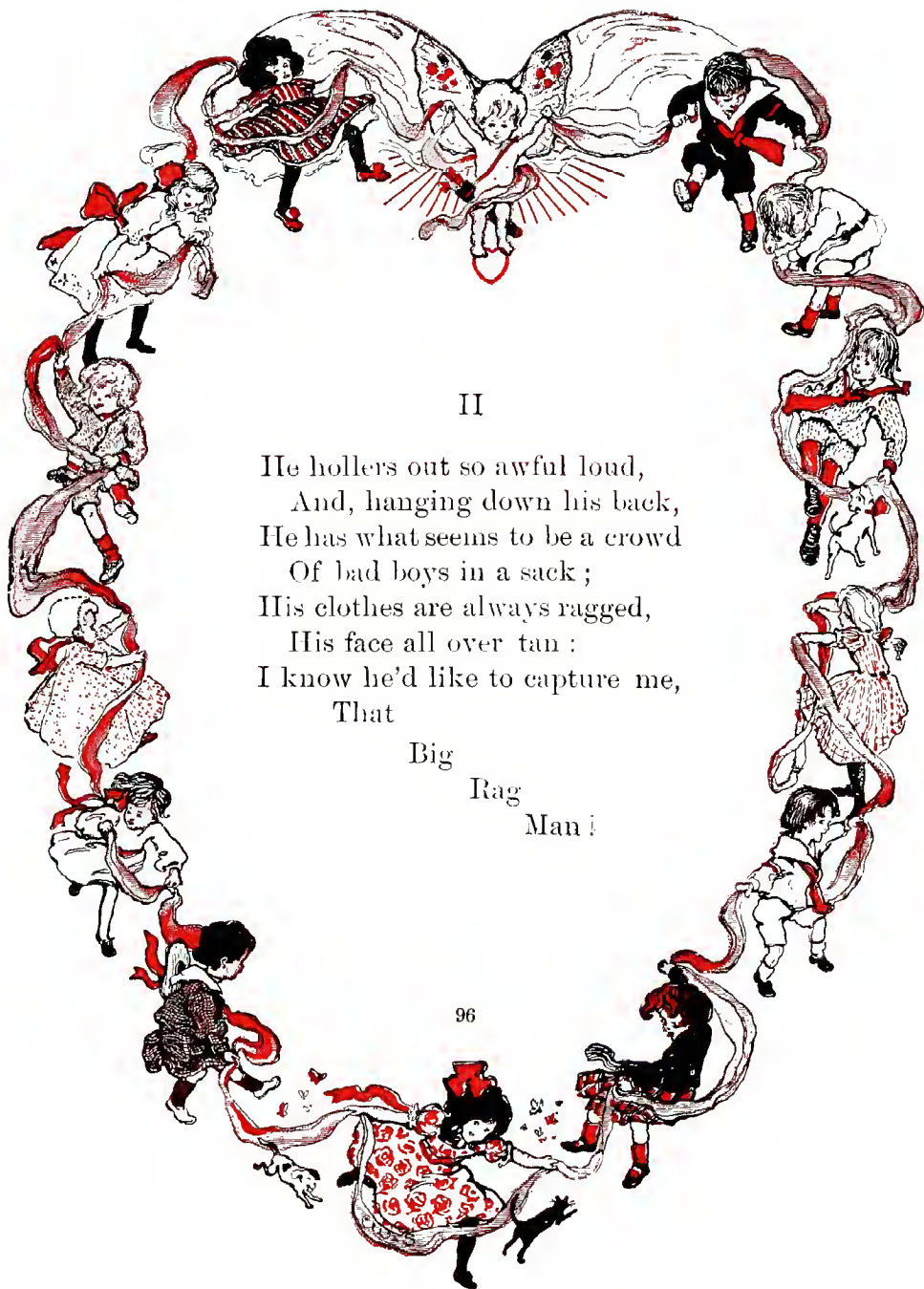




The Rag Man

The awful'st man goes up our street,
And oh, he scares me so !
Just every time I chance to meet
Him face to face, you know ;
Why you just bet I hold my breath
And *tear*—hard as I can ;
For he 'most frightens me to death
That

Big
Rag
Man.



II

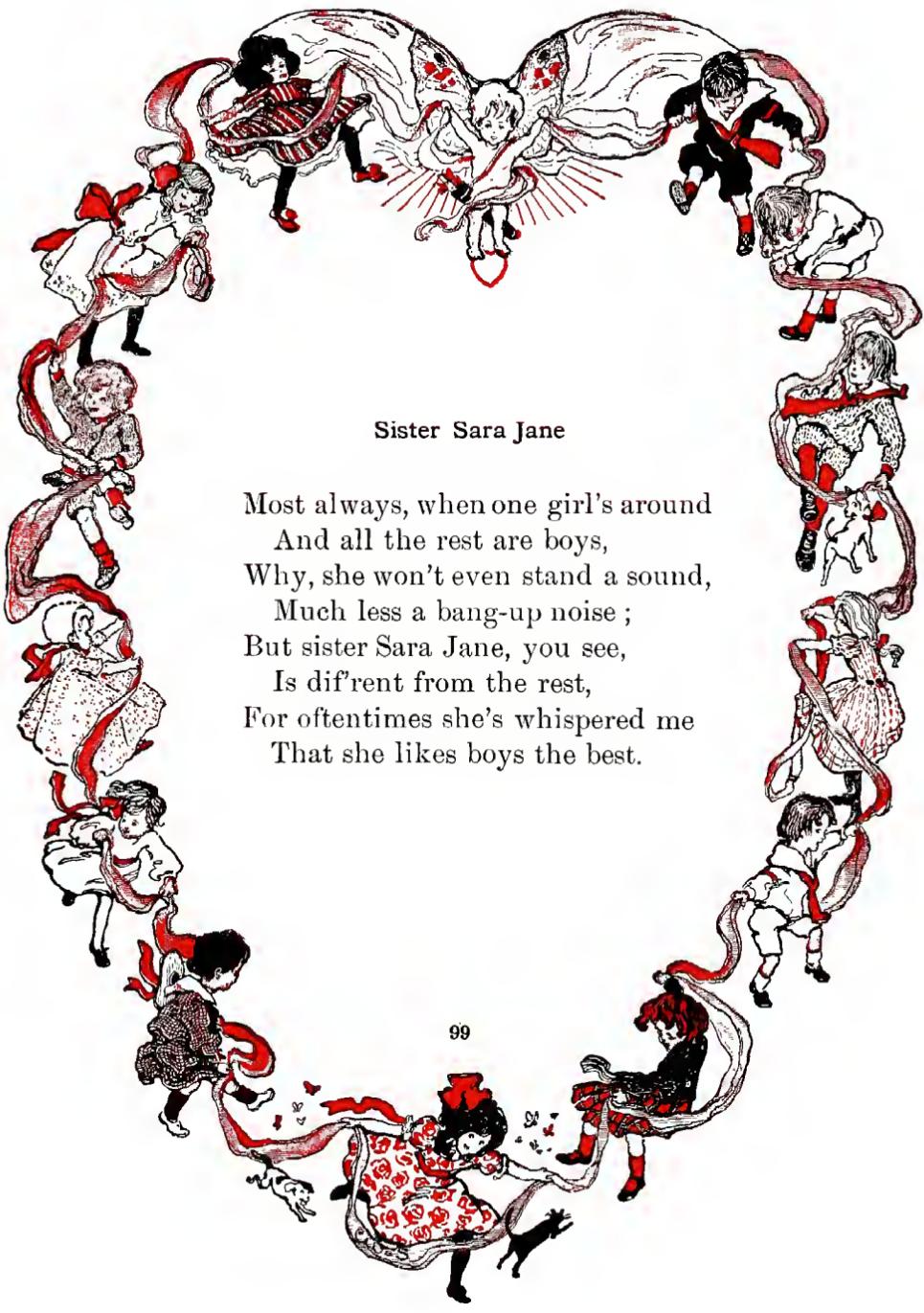
He hollers out so awful loud,
And, hanging down his back,
He has what seems to be a crowd
Of bad boys in a sack ;
His clothes are always ragged,
His face all over tan :
I know he'd like to capture me,
That

Big
Rag
Man !



Sister Sara Jane





Sister Sara Jane

Most always, when one girl's around
And all the rest are boys,
Why, she won't even stand a sound,
Much less a bang-up noise ;
But sister Sara Jane, you see,
Is dif'rent from the rest,
For oftentimes she's whispered me
That she likes boys the best.

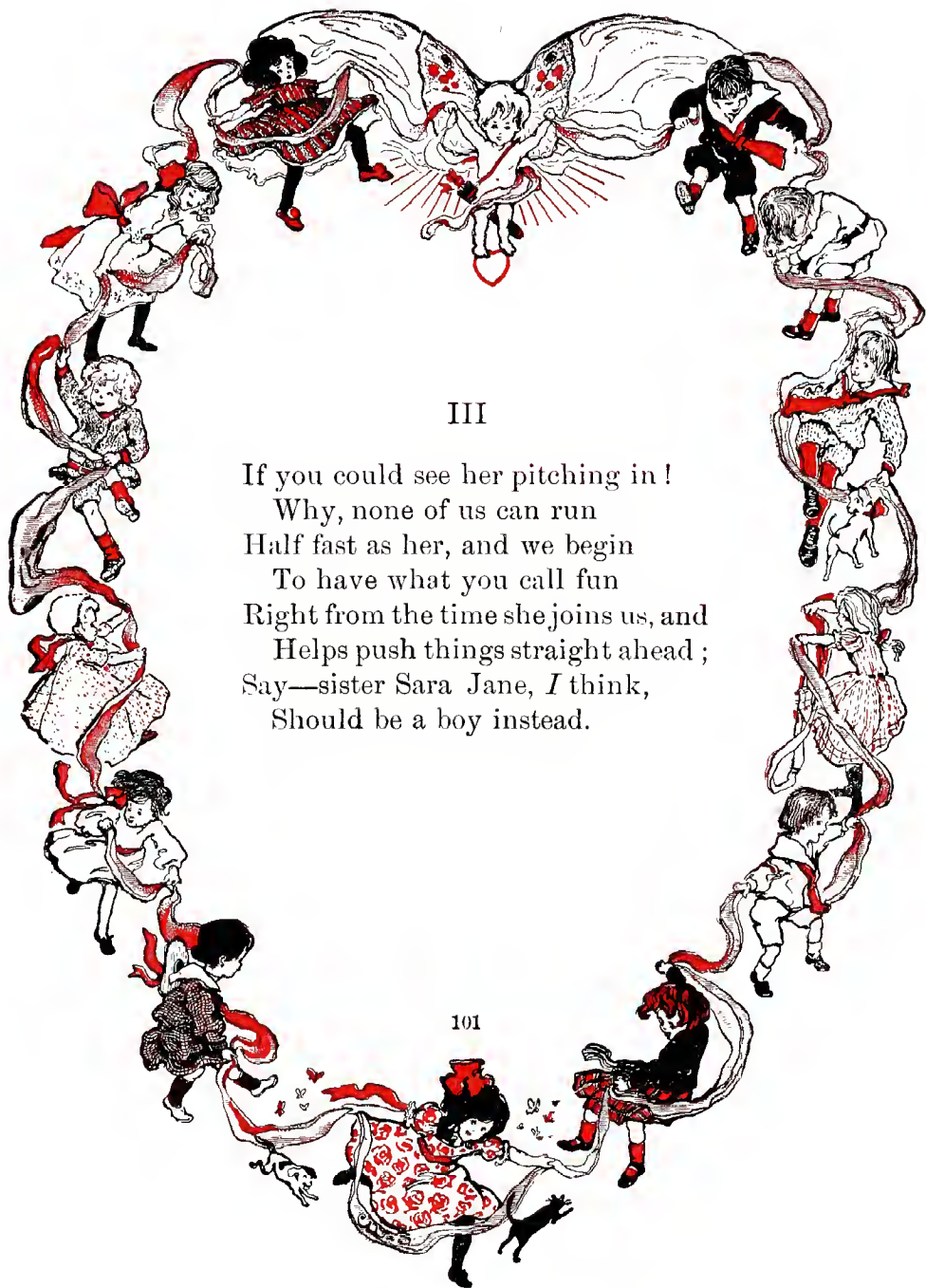


II

She has her dollies, just the same
As other girls, oh, yes,
She calls each by its proper name,
And loves them all, I guess ;
But ev'ry morning, just as soon
As they are washed and dressed,
She comes right out and stays till
noon,
A-playing with the rest.



SHE COMES RIGHT OUT AND STAYS TILL NOON.

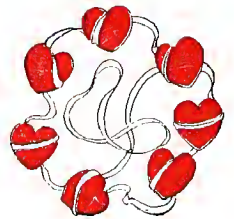


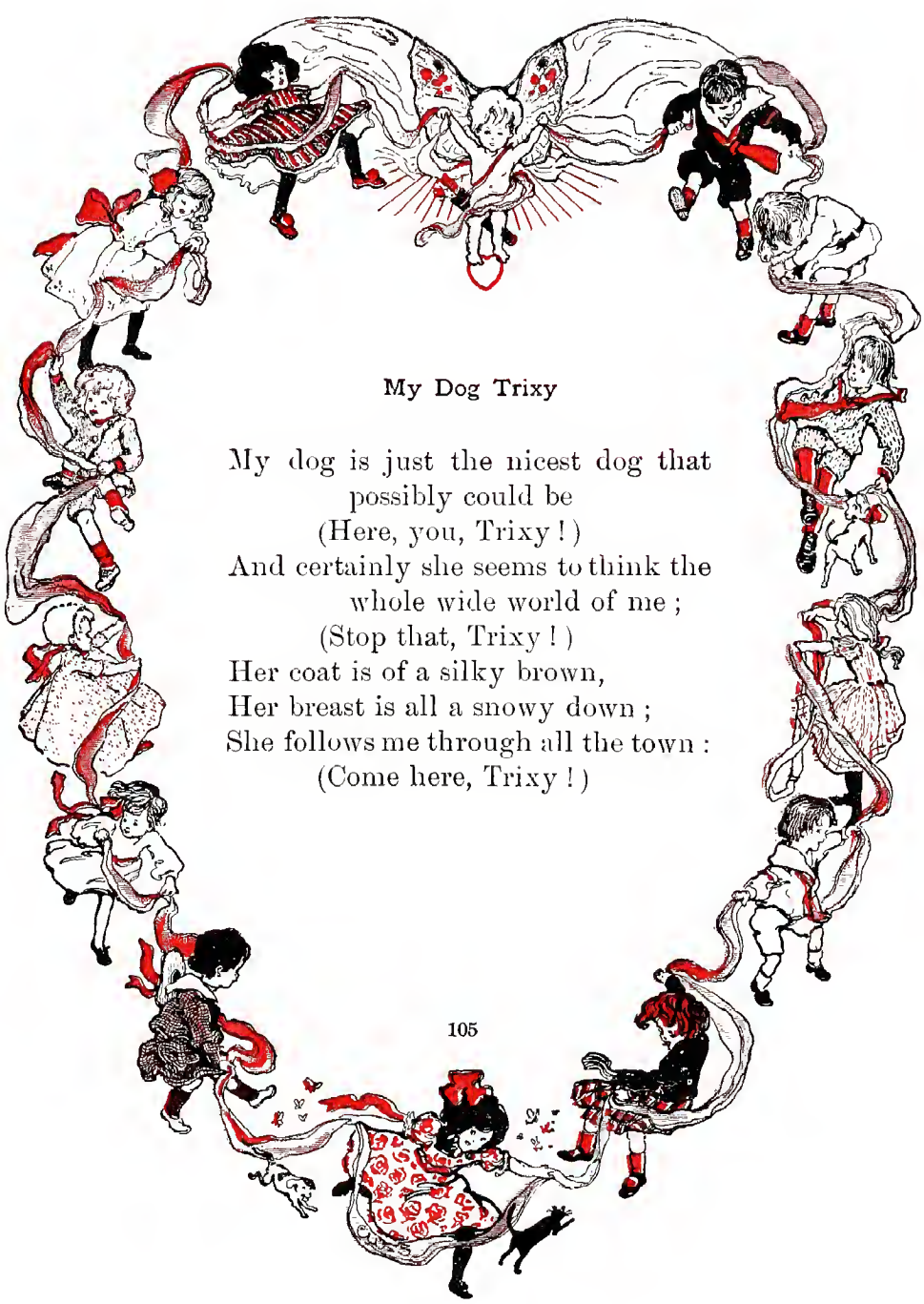
III

If you could see her pitching in !
Why, none of us can run
Half fast as her, and we begin
To have what you call fun
Right from the time she joins us, and
Helps push things straight ahead ;
Say—sister Sara Jane, *I* think,
Should be a boy instead.



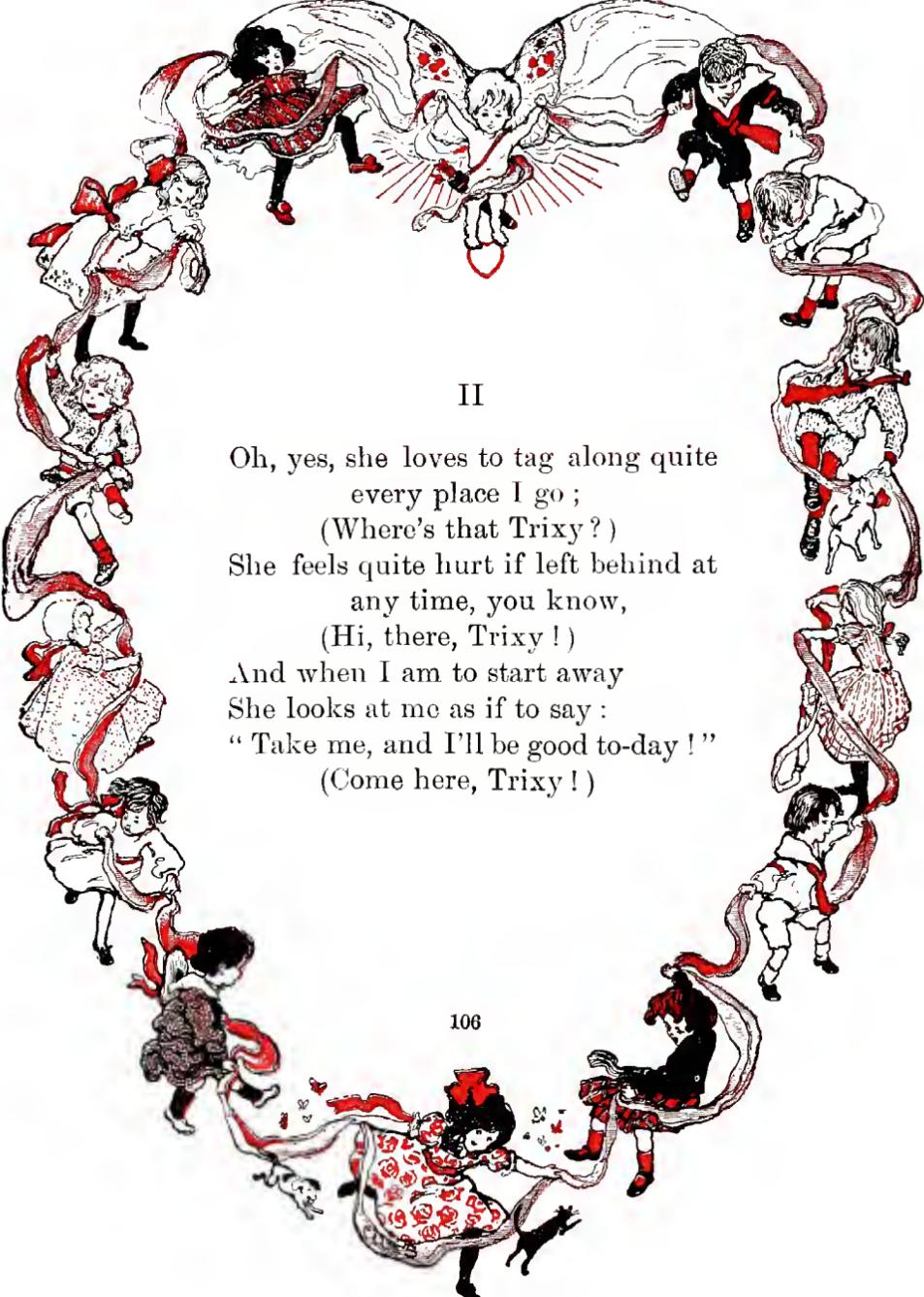
My Dog Trixy



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. Approximately 15 children, both boys and girls, are arranged in a circle, holding hands or long ribbons. They are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. The ribbons are long and flowing, creating a continuous loop around the text. At the top of the circle, a girl in a red and white dress is dancing. At the bottom, a girl in a red dress is also dancing. The children are in various poses, suggesting movement and rhythm.

My Dog Trixy

My dog is just the nicest dog that
possibly could be
(Here, you, Trixy !)
And certainly she seems to think the
whole wide world of me ;
(Stop that, Trixy !)
Her coat is of a silky brown,
Her breast is all a snowy down ;
She follows me through all the town :
(Come here, Trixy !)



II

Oh, yes, she loves to tag along quite
every place I go ;
(Where's that Trixy ?)
She feels quite hurt if left behind at
any time, you know,
(Hi, there, Trixy !)
And when I am to start away
She looks at me as if to say :
" Take me, and I'll be good to-day ! "
(Come here, Trixy !)

A circular illustration of children playing a game with a large cat and red ribbons. The children are arranged in a circle, holding long red ribbons that trail behind them. In the center of the circle, a large cat is lying down, looking up at the children. The cat has a white body with red spots and a long, flowing white tail. The children are dressed in various costumes, including dresses, suits, and hats. The scene is set against a plain white background.

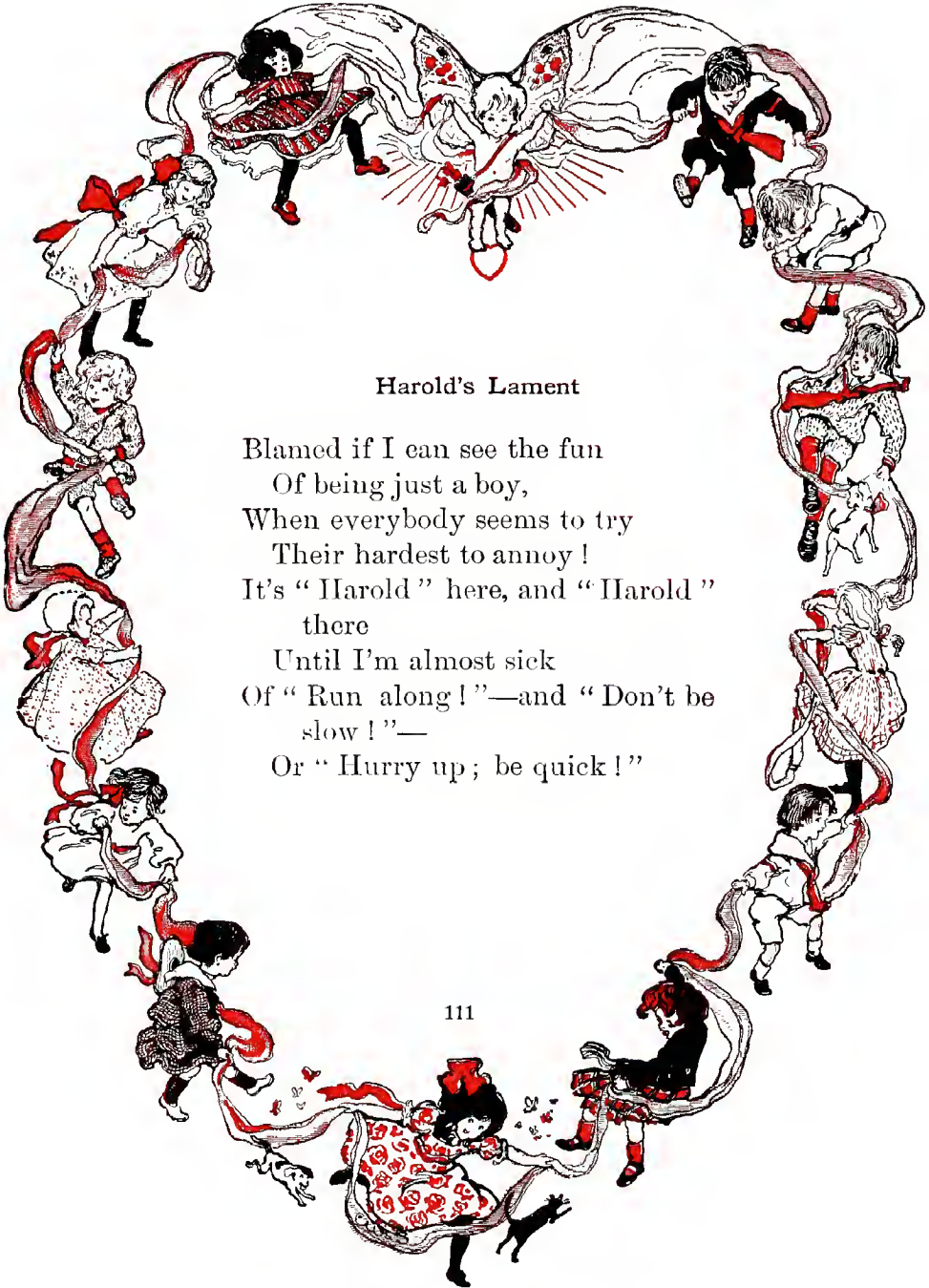
III

I feed her every time myself ; if you
could see her when
(Don't bite, Trixy !)
She thanks me, how she wags her tail
and capers 'round me then
('Nough now, Trixy !)
You surely would agree with me
That she's as clever as can be :
She's always 'round the place, you see ;
(Come here, Trixy !)



Harold's Lament



A circular illustration of children playing a ring game with long red ribbons. The children are arranged in a circle, holding the ends of the ribbons which are tied in the center. The ribbons are long and flowing, creating a circular frame around the text. The children are dressed in various styles of clothing, including dresses, skirts, and trousers. The background is plain white.

Harold's Lament

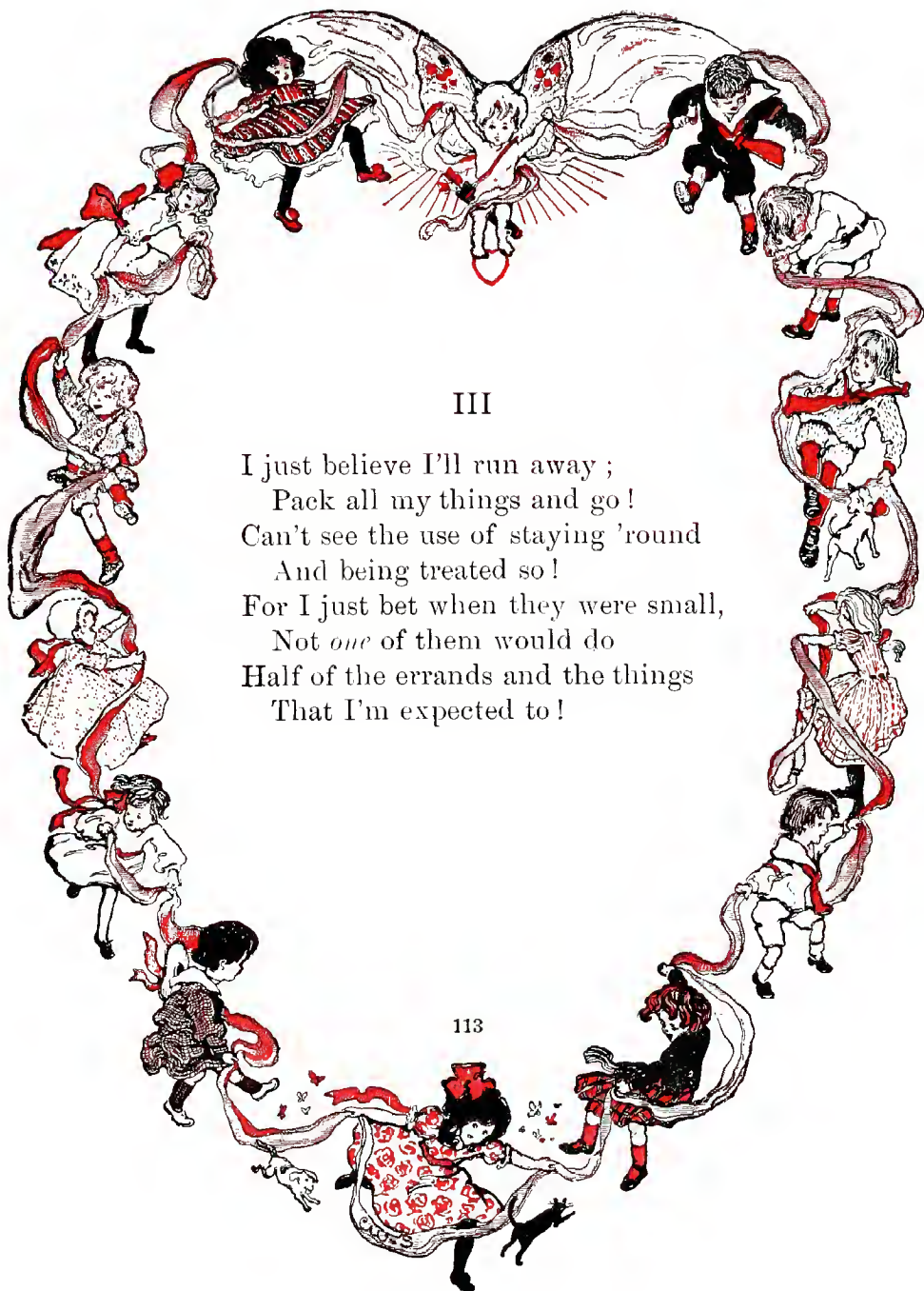
Blamed if I can see the fun
Of being just a boy,
When everybody seems to try
Their hardest to annoy !
It's " Harold " here, and " Harold " there
Until I'm almost sick
Of " Run along ! "—and " Don't be
slow ! "—
Or " Hurry up ; be quick ! "



II

First some one sends me down-stairs,
and

I run with might and main ;
Before I'm half-way there it's turn
And run up-stairs again !
And sure as I go out to play,
Or have a little fun,
I'm called straight in : there's some-
thing else
A-waiting to be done !



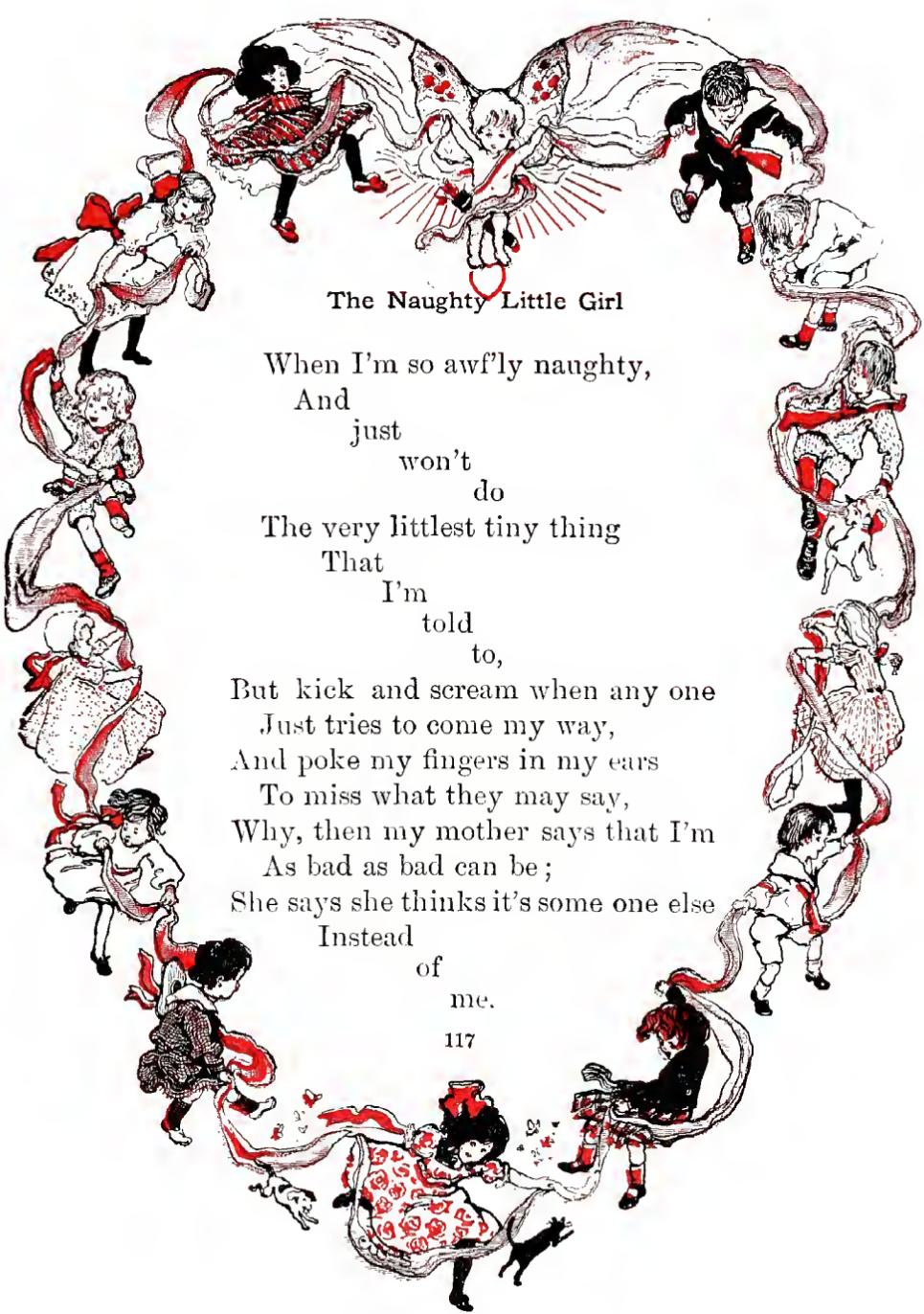
III

I just believe I'll run away ;
Pack all my things and go !
Can't see the use of staying 'round
And being treated so !
For I just bet when they were small,
Not *one* of them would do
Half of the errands and the things
That I'm expected to !



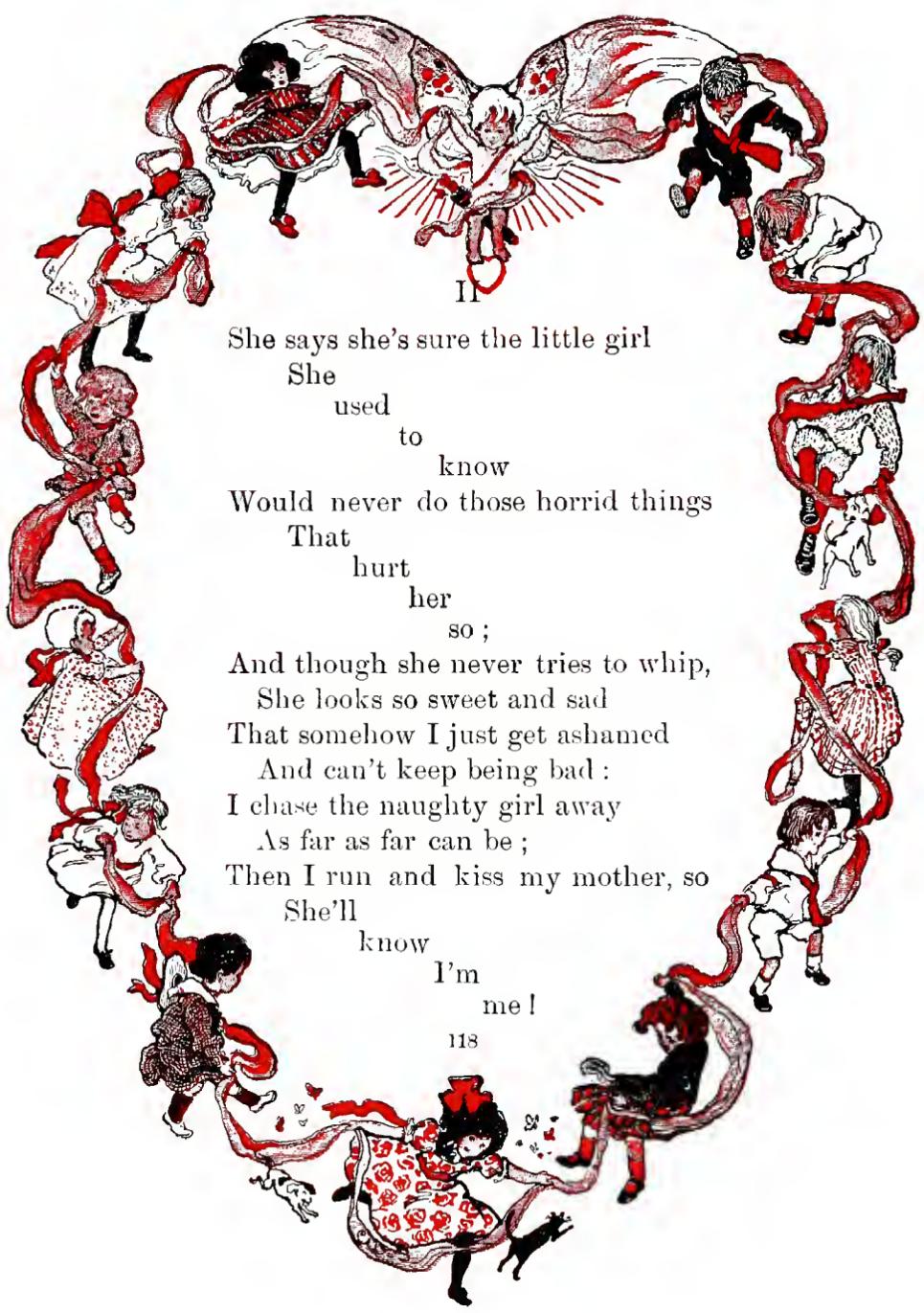
The Naughty Little Girl





The Naughty Little Girl

When I'm so awf'ly naughty,
And just won't do
The very littlest tiny thing
That I'm told to,
But kick and scream when any one
Just tries to come my way,
And poke my fingers in my ears
To miss what they may say,
Why, then my mother says that I'm
As bad as bad can be ;
She says she thinks it's some one else
Instead of me.



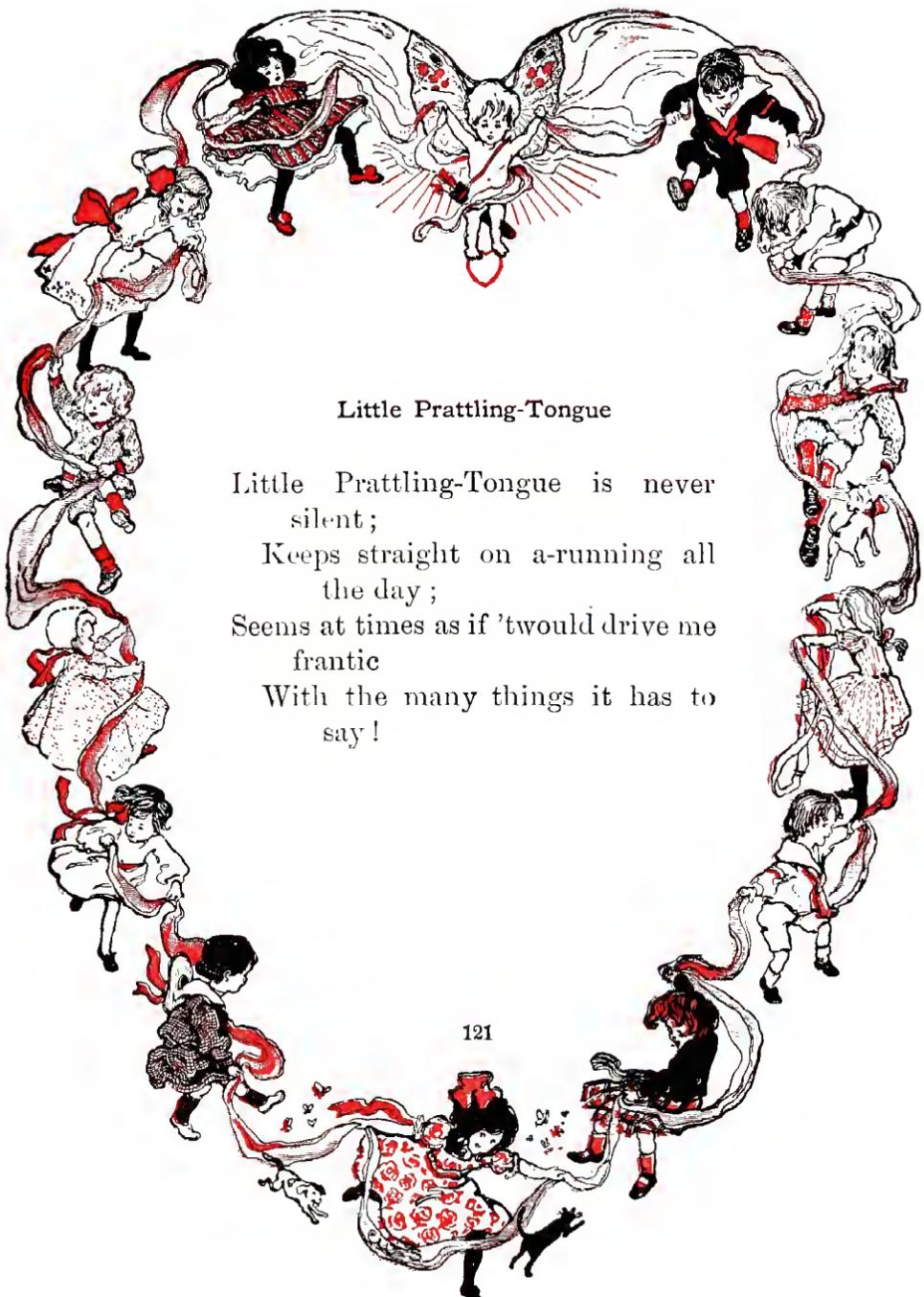
II

She says she's sure the little girl
 She
 used
 to
 know
 Would never do those horrid things
 That
 hurt
 her
 so ;
 And though she never tries to whip,
 She looks so sweet and sad
 That somehow I just get ashamed
 And can't keep being bad :
 I chase the naughty girl away
 As far as far can be ;
 Then I run and kiss my mother, so
 She'll
 know
 I'm
 me !



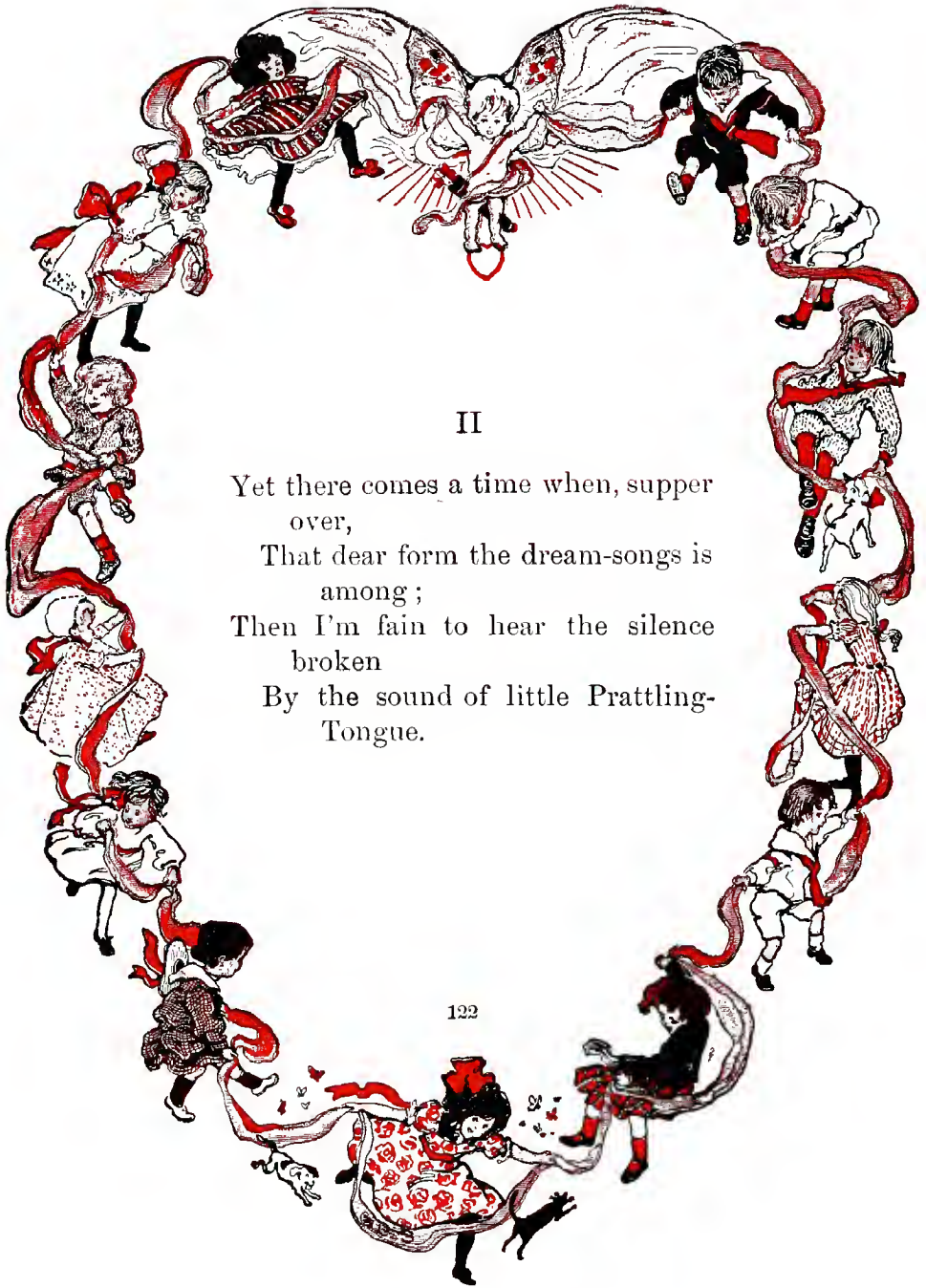
Little Prattling-Tongue



A circular illustration of children holding hands in a ring, with a central figure and a small dog. The children are dressed in various costumes, including a girl in a red and white dress, a boy in a black and red outfit, and a girl in a white dress with a red bow. The central figure is a girl in a red and white dress, holding a red ribbon. A small dog is visible at the bottom of the circle.

Little Prattling-Tongue

Little Prattling-Tongue is never
silent;
Keeps straight on a-running all
the day;
Seems at times as if 'twould drive me
frantic
With the many things it has to
say!



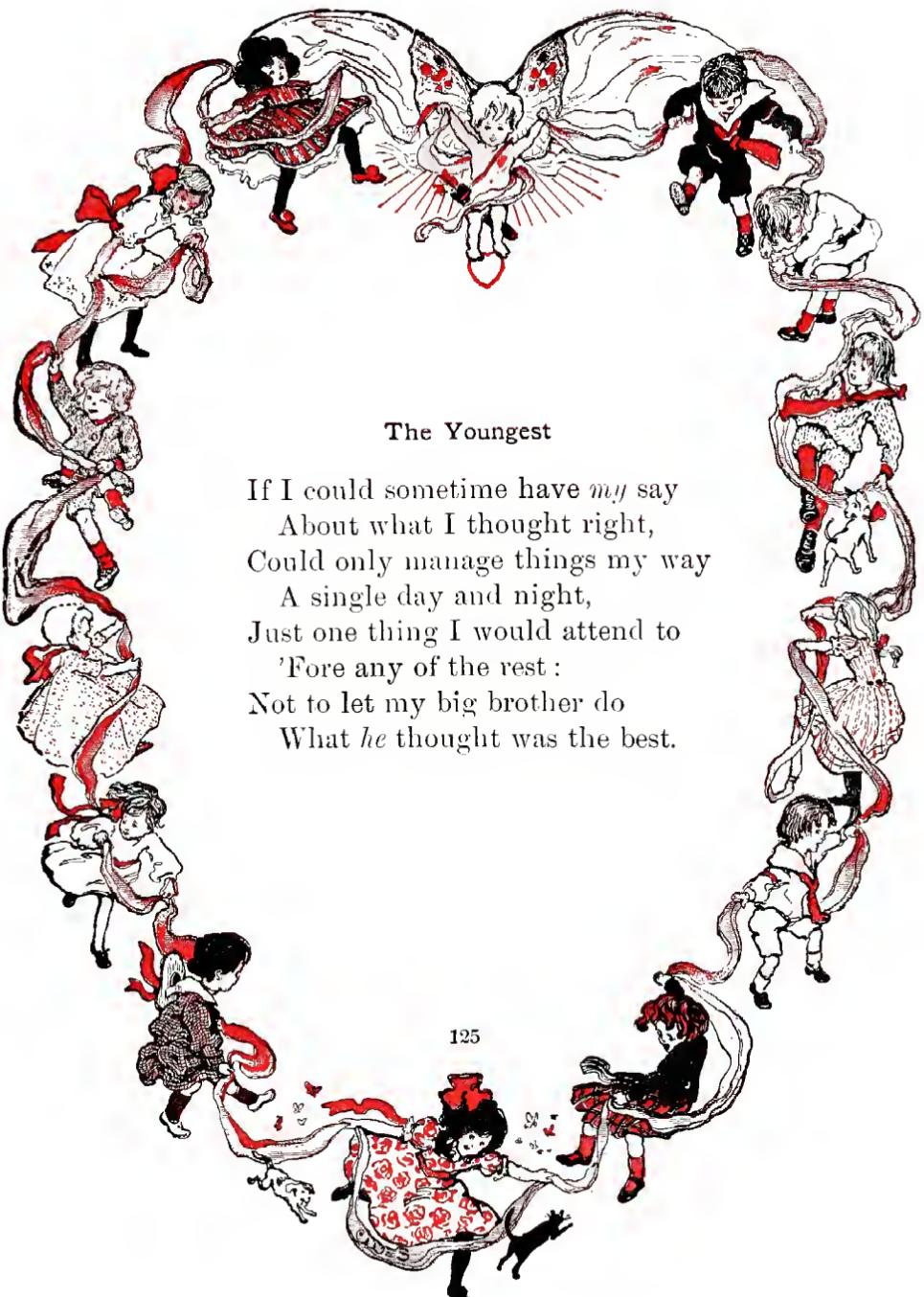
II

Yet there comes a time when, supper
over,
That dear form the dream-songs is
among ;
Then I'm fain to hear the silence
broken
By the sound of little Prattling-
Tongue.



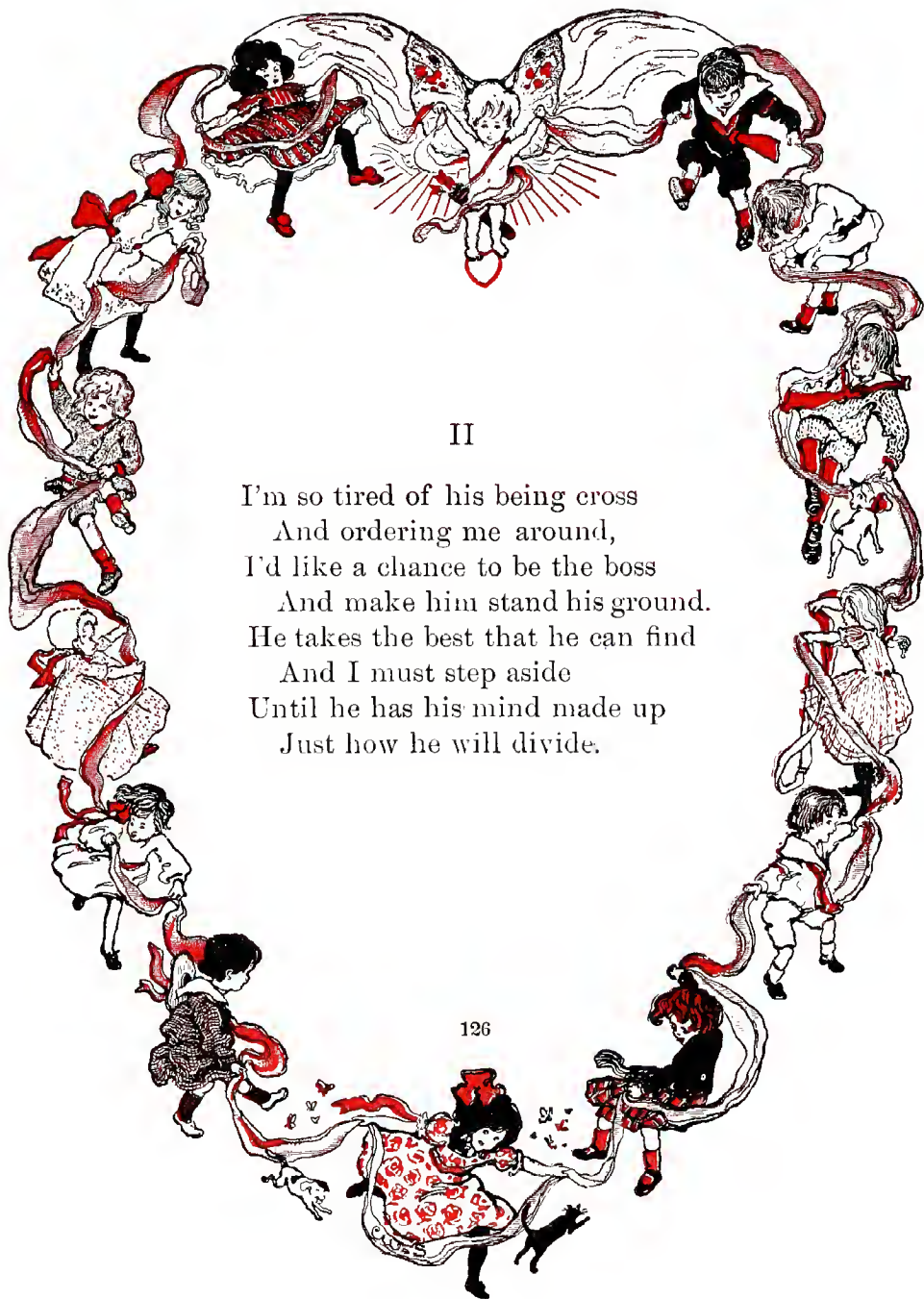
The Youngest





The Youngest

If I could sometime have *my* say
About what I thought right,
Could only manage things my way
A single day and night,
Just one thing I would attend to
'Fore any of the rest :
Not to let my big brother do
What *he* thought was the best.



II

I'm so tired of his being cross
And ordering me around,
I'd like a chance to be the boss
And make him stand his ground.
He takes the best that he can find
And I must step aside
Until he has his mind made up
Just how he will divide.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or long red ribbons. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and hats. The illustration is in a classic, stylized manner with red and black ink. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The ribbons are long and flowing, adding to the dynamic feel of the scene. The overall composition is symmetrical and balanced, with the children and ribbons forming a continuous loop around the central text.

III

And when folks that don't under-
stand

Say as how it must be
So lovely to be youngest and
Get all the nice things—see?—
Well, I just think an awful lot,
But never dare to say
That I would rather, by a heap,
Be *oldest* any day.

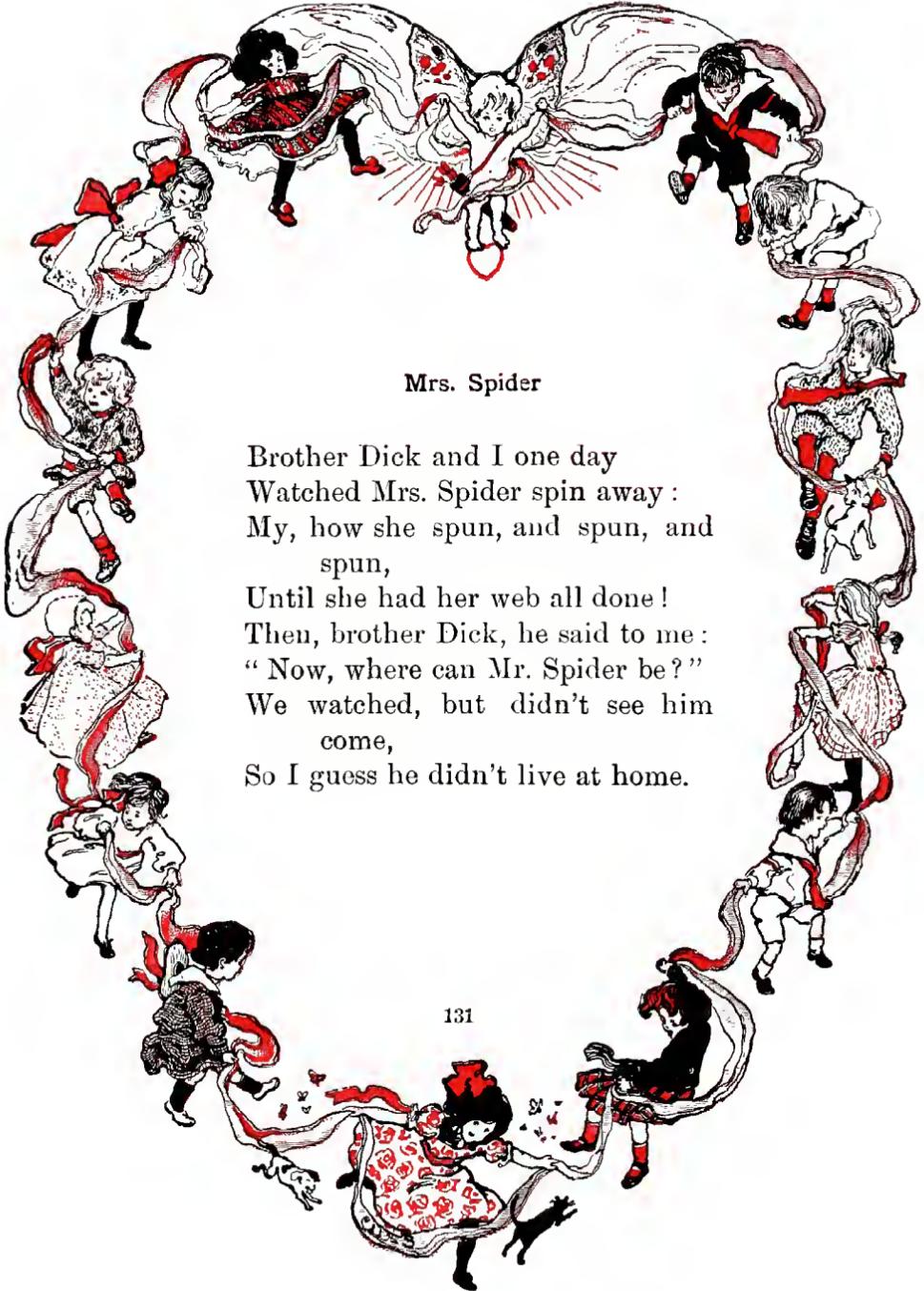


Mrs. Spider





WE WATCHED BUT DIDN'T SEE HIM COME.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children, dressed in traditional European folk costumes, are holding hands and forming a large circle around the central text. The costumes feature various patterns, including floral and geometric designs, and are accented with red. The children are in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The background is plain white.

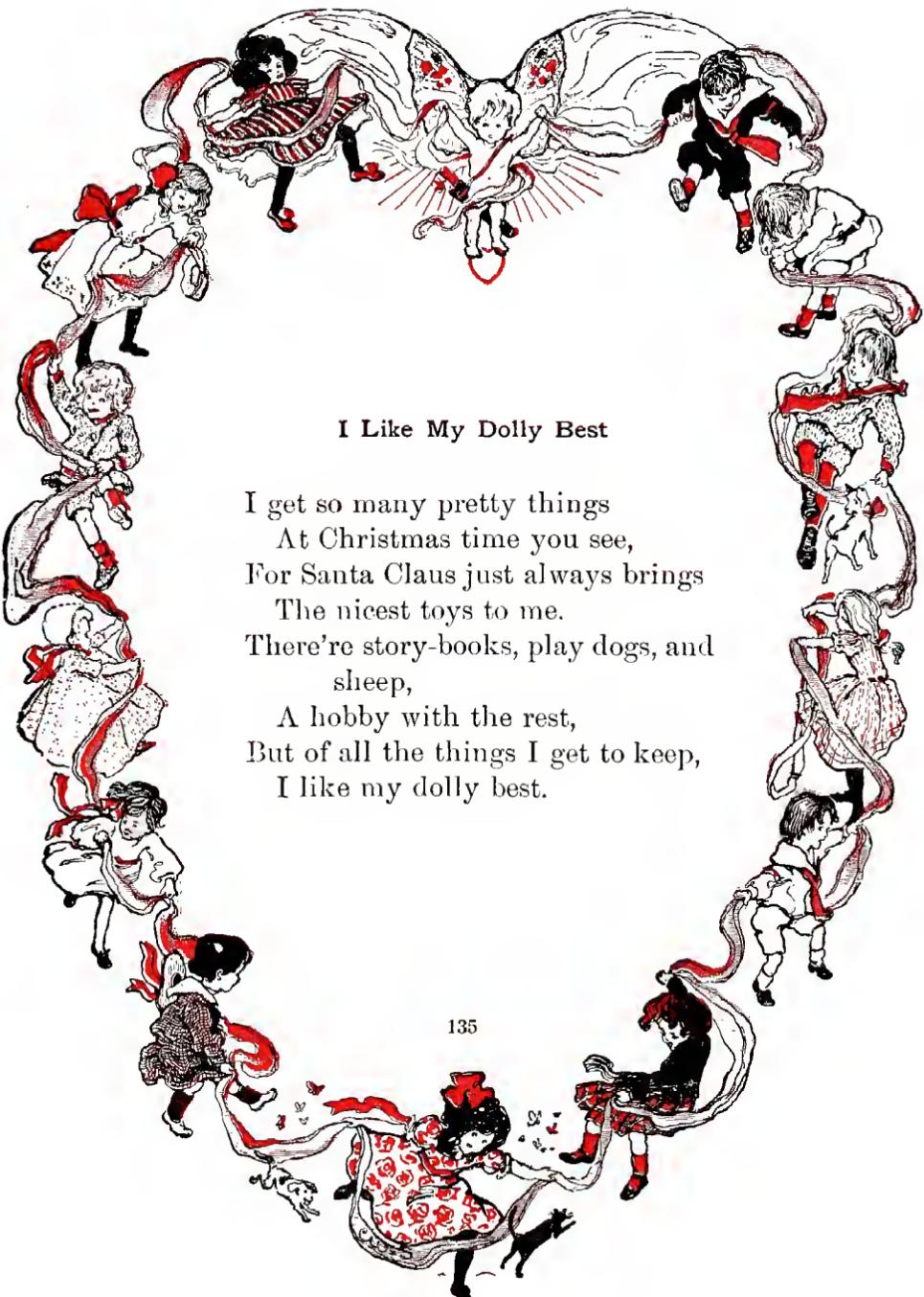
Mrs. Spider

Brother Dick and I one day
Watched Mrs. Spider spin away :
My, how she spun, and spun, and
 spun,
Until she had her web all done !
Then, brother Dick, he said to me :
“ Now, where can Mr. Spider be ? ”
We watched, but didn't see him
 come,
So I guess he didn't live at home.



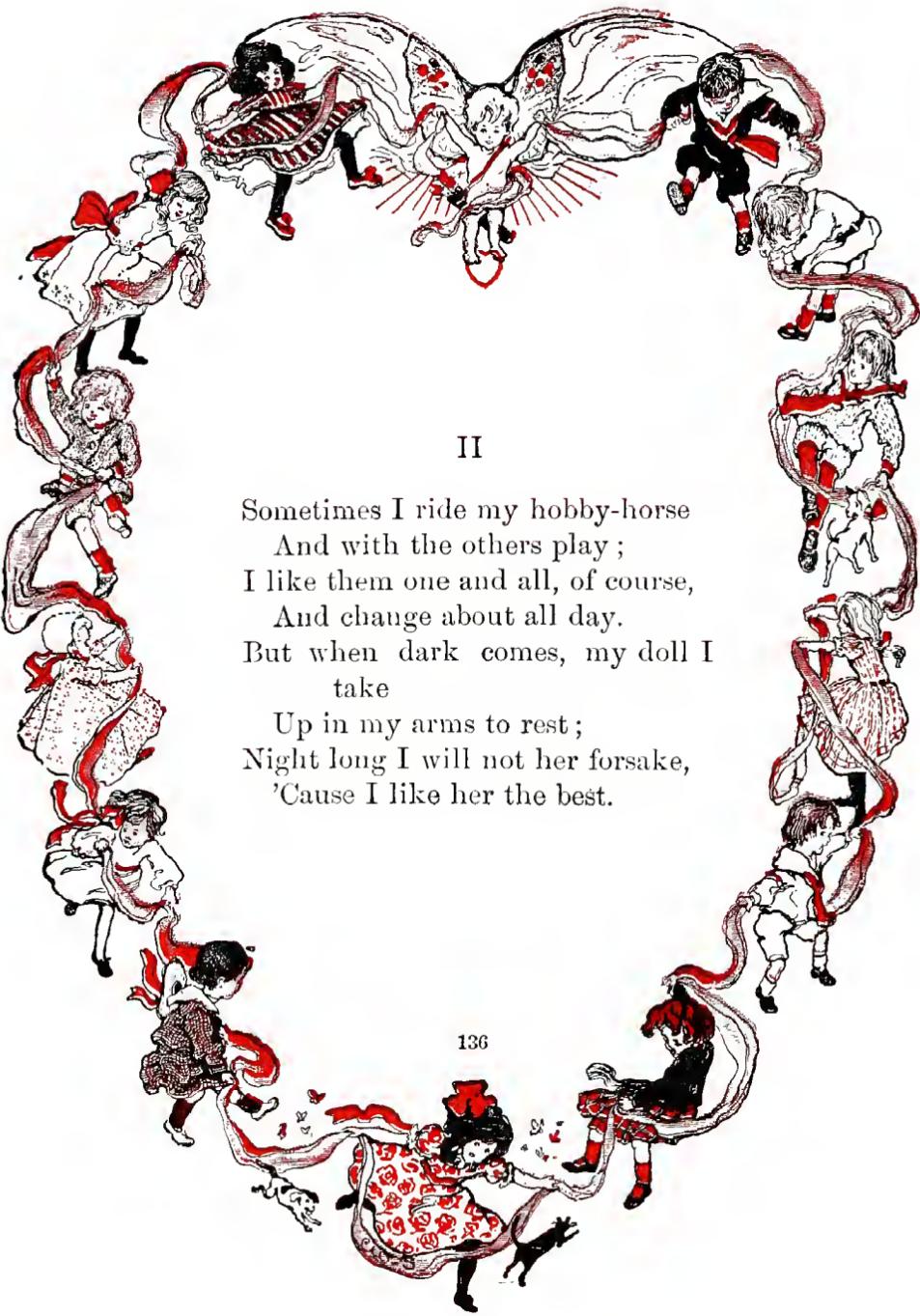
I Like My Dolly Best





I Like My Dolly Best

I get so many pretty things
At Christmas time you see,
For Santa Claus just always brings
The nicest toys to me.
There're story-books, play dogs, and
sheep,
A hobby with the rest,
But of all the things I get to keep,
I like my dolly best.



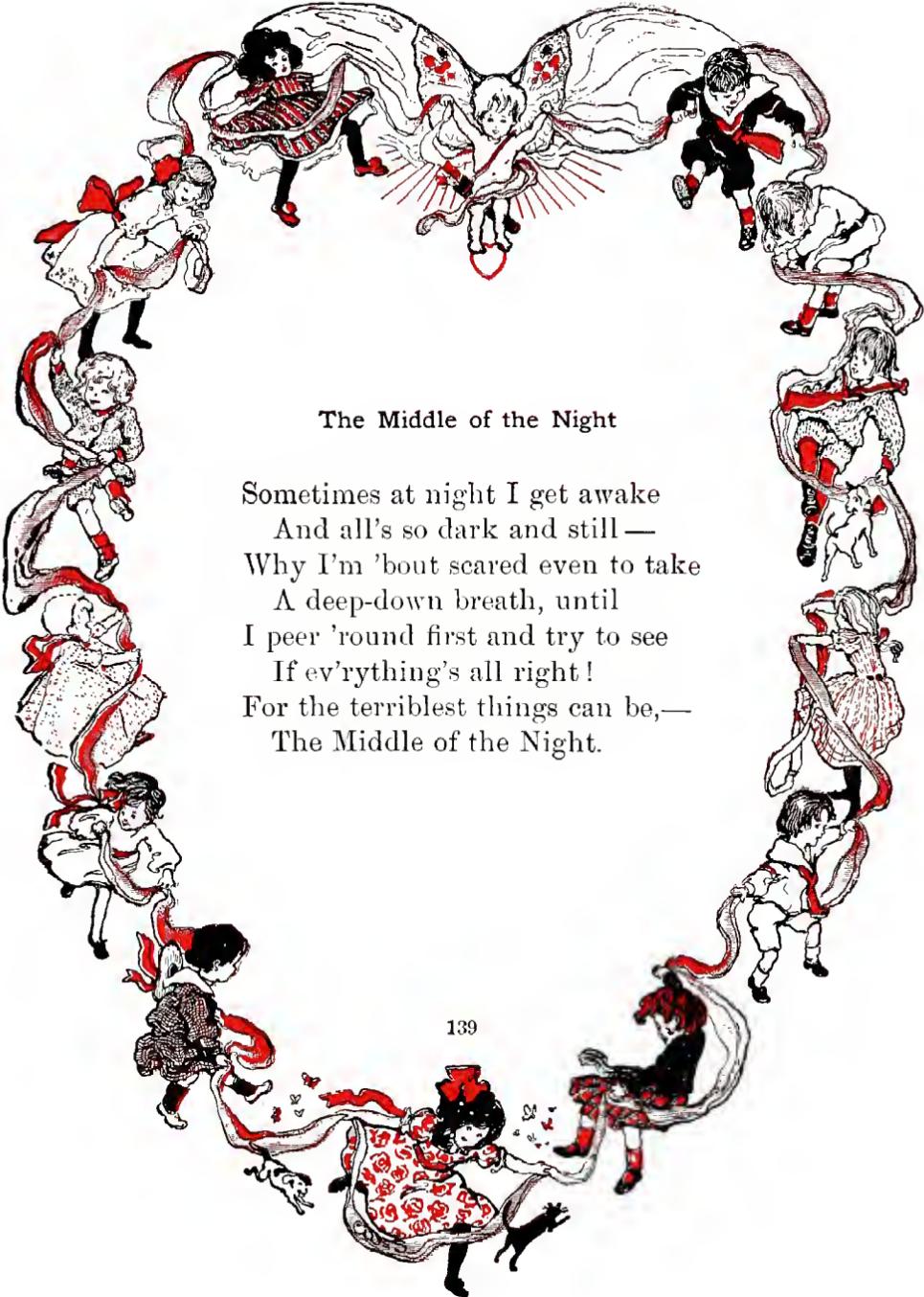
II

Sometimes I ride my hobby-horse
And with the others play ;
I like them one and all, of course,
And chaunge about all day.
But when dark comes, my doll I
take
Up in my arms to rest ;
Night long I will not her forsake,
'Cause I like her the best.



The Middle of the Night





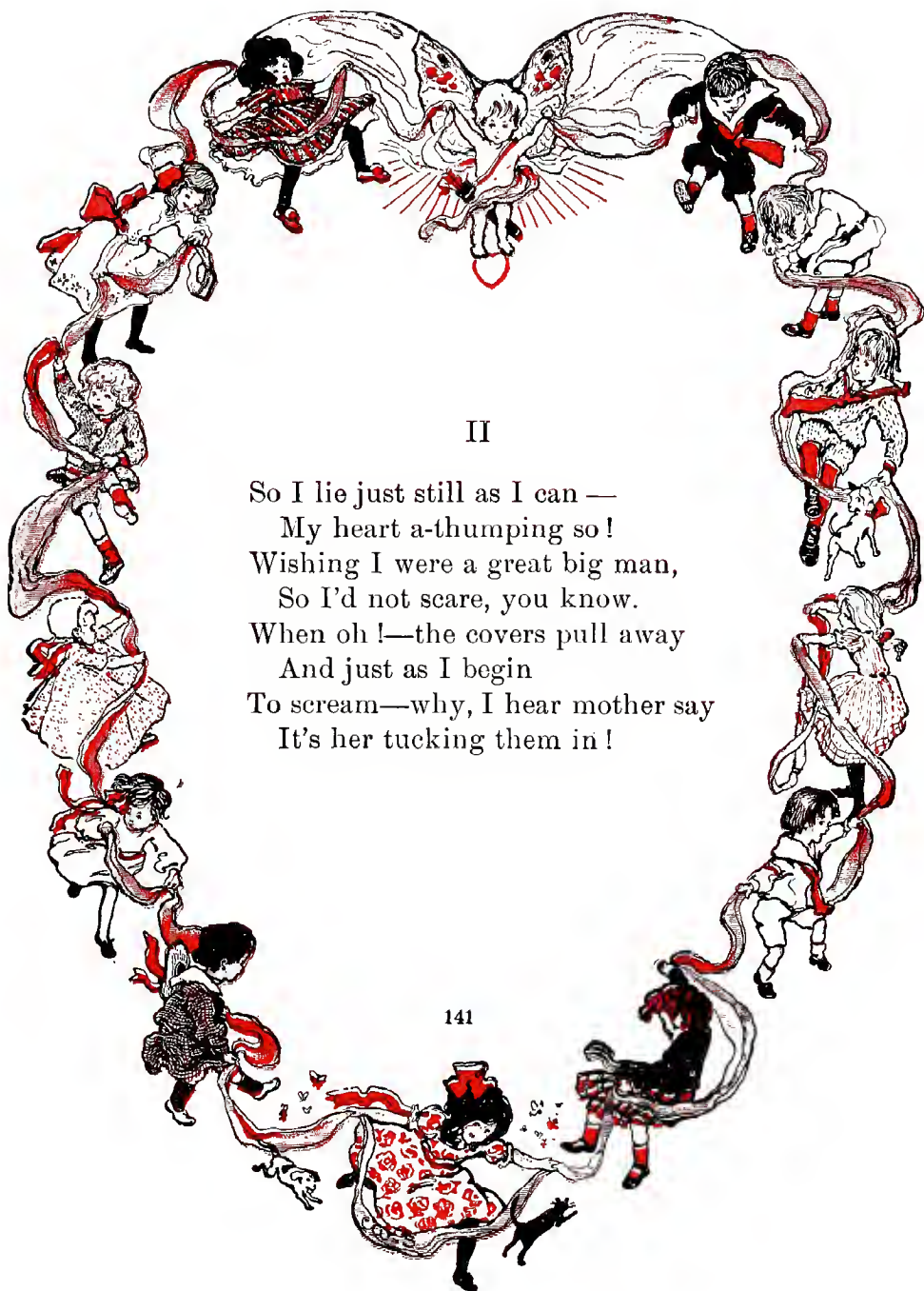
The Middle of the Night

Sometimes at night I get awake
And all's so dark and still —
Why I'm 'bout scared even to take
A deep-down breath, until
I peer 'round first and try to see
If ev'rything's all right !
For the terriblest things can be,—
The Middle of the Night.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or long red ribbons. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and hats. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are in various poses, some with their arms raised, some with their heads bowed, and some with their legs kicked. The ribbons are long and flowing, creating a sense of movement. The overall composition is a circular frame around the central text.

II

I want so much to cry right out —
But I am awful 'fraid !
'Cause, if those black things *were*
about,
They'd hear the noise I made.
And mother sleeps so very sound,
She mightn't hear, you see,
And then they'd make a great big
bound
And run away with me.



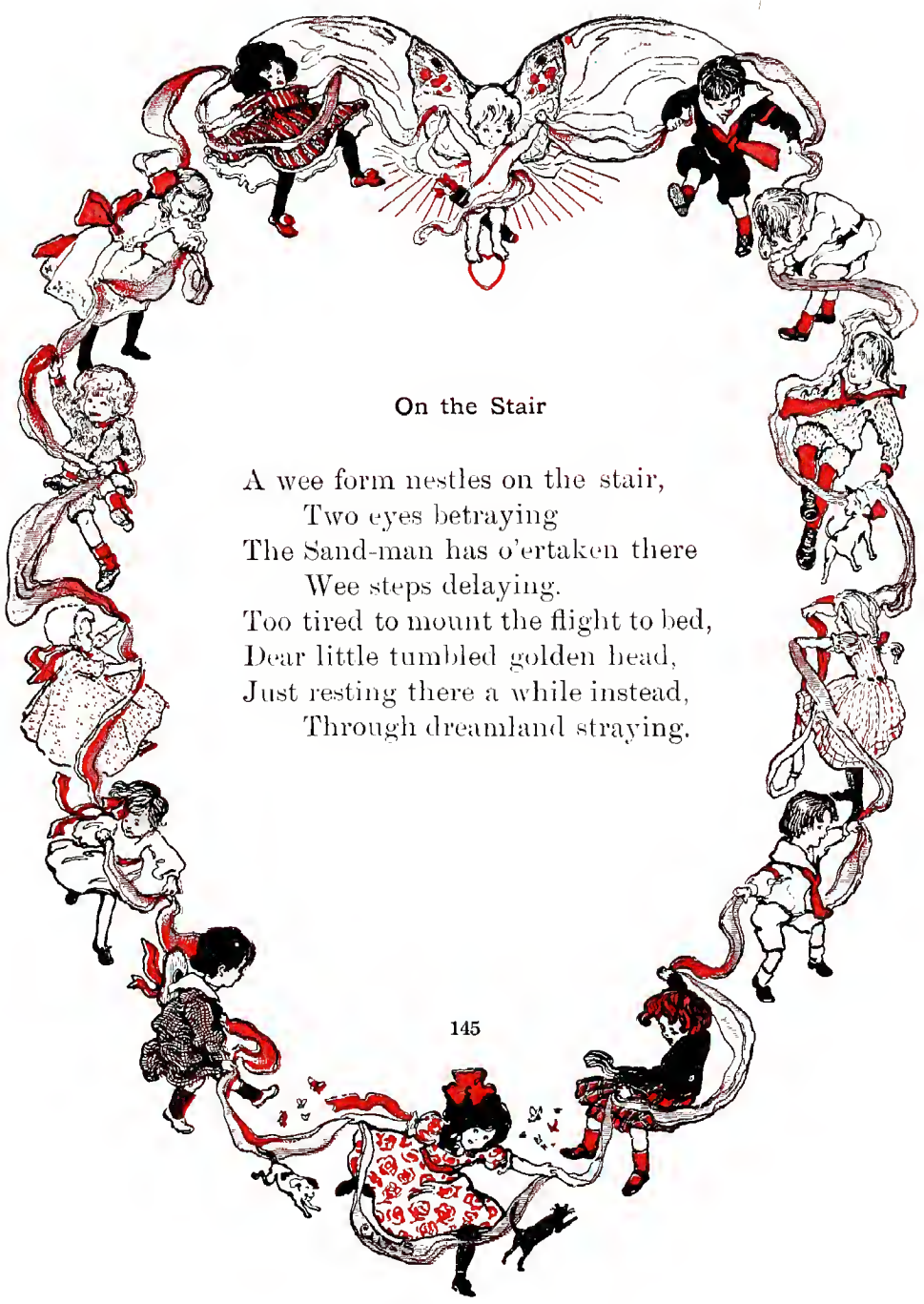
II

So I lie just still as I can —
My heart a-thumping so !
Wishing I were a great big man,
So I'd not scare, you know.
When oh !—the covers pull away
And just as I begin
To scream—why, I hear mother say
It's her tucking them in !



On the Stair



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are dressed in traditional Scottish or Irish attire, including kilts, sporrans, and tam o' shanties. They are holding hands and dancing in a circle. The illustration is in black and white with red highlights on the children's clothing and shoes. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and energy. The circle is formed by the children's bodies and the long, flowing ribbons they are holding. The ribbons are tied in bows and have long, trailing ends. The children are looking towards the center of the circle, and their expressions are joyful. The overall style is that of a classic children's book illustration.

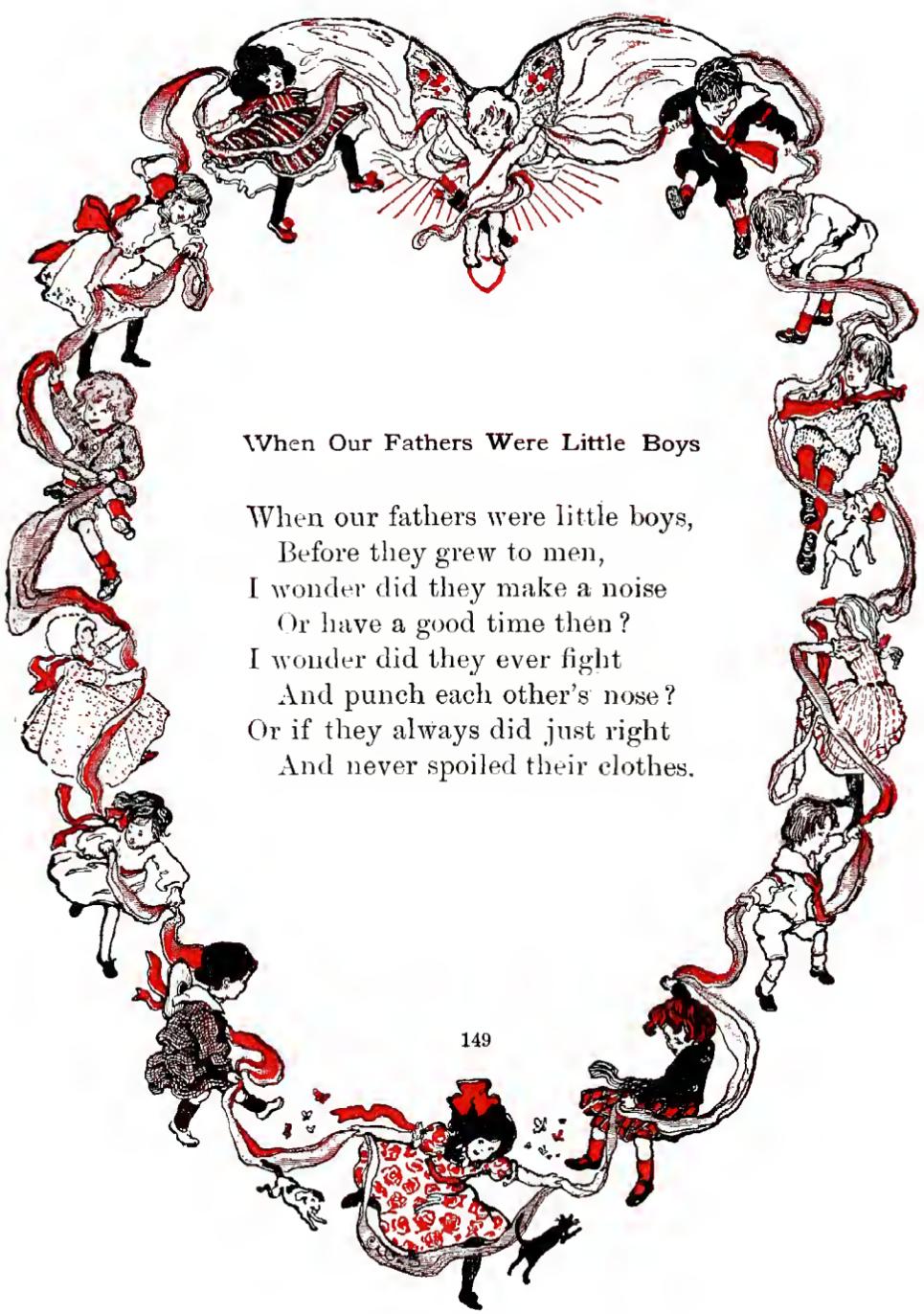
On the Stair

A wee form nestles on the stair,
Two eyes betraying
The Sand-man has o'ertaken there
Wee steps delaying.
Too tired to mount the flight to bed,
Dear little tumbled golden head,
Just resting there a while instead,
Through dreamland straying.



When Our Fathers Were
Little Boys



A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children, both boys and girls, are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. They are holding long, flowing red ribbons that connect them in a continuous circle. The children are in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The background is plain white.

When Our Fathers Were Little Boys

When our fathers were little boys,
Before they grew to men,
I wonder did they make a noise
Or have a good time then?
I wonder did they ever fight
And punch each other's nose?
Or if they always did just right
And never spoiled their clothes.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or scarves, performing a dance. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and hats. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The background is plain white.

II

I wonder did their mothers scold
Sometimes and make them cry?
I wonder if they ever told
A teeny-weeny lie?
I wonder if they ever had
Such dirty hands and face?
I wonder were they ever mad
And banged things 'round the
place?

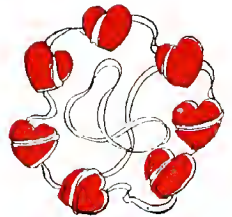
A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are arranged in a circle, holding hands or long red ribbons. They are wearing various costumes, including dresses, skirts, and hats. The illustration is in a classic, hand-drawn style with red and black ink. The children are in various poses, suggesting movement and dance. The ribbons are long and flowing, adding to the dynamic feel of the scene. The overall composition is a ring that frames the central text.

III

I wonder did they ever run
To fires hard as they could?
Or if they called it better fun
To sit still and be good?
I wonder were they ever small
And kept back in the shade?
Or didn't they have to grow at all,
But just come ready made?



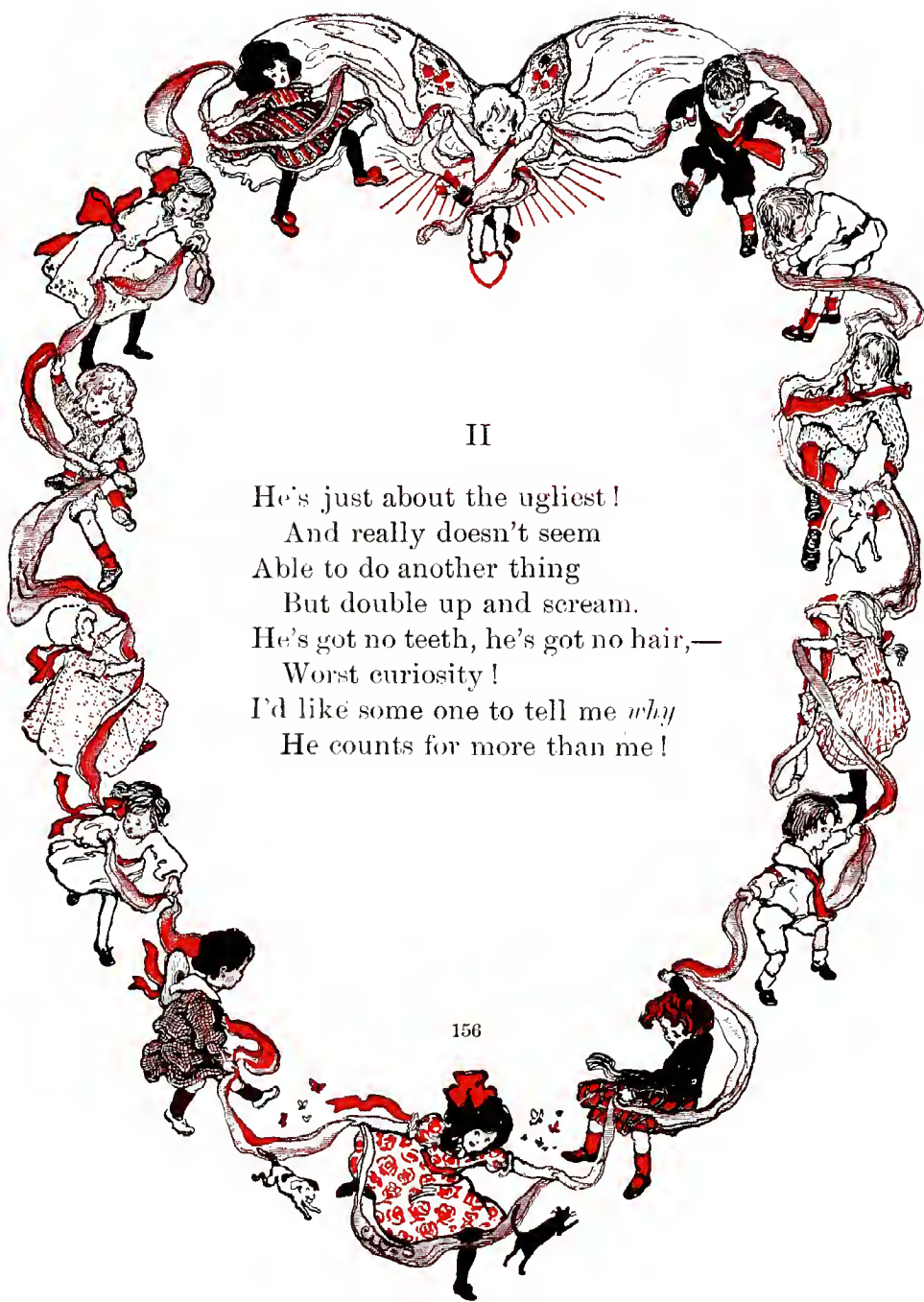
The New Brother





The New Brother

Got a new kid in our house ;
'Bout gives me a fit,
The fuss that ev'rybody is
A-making over it.
All 'long I've been the pet, you see,
'Twas *me* they tried to please,
But now, this other fellow has
Them all upon their knees !



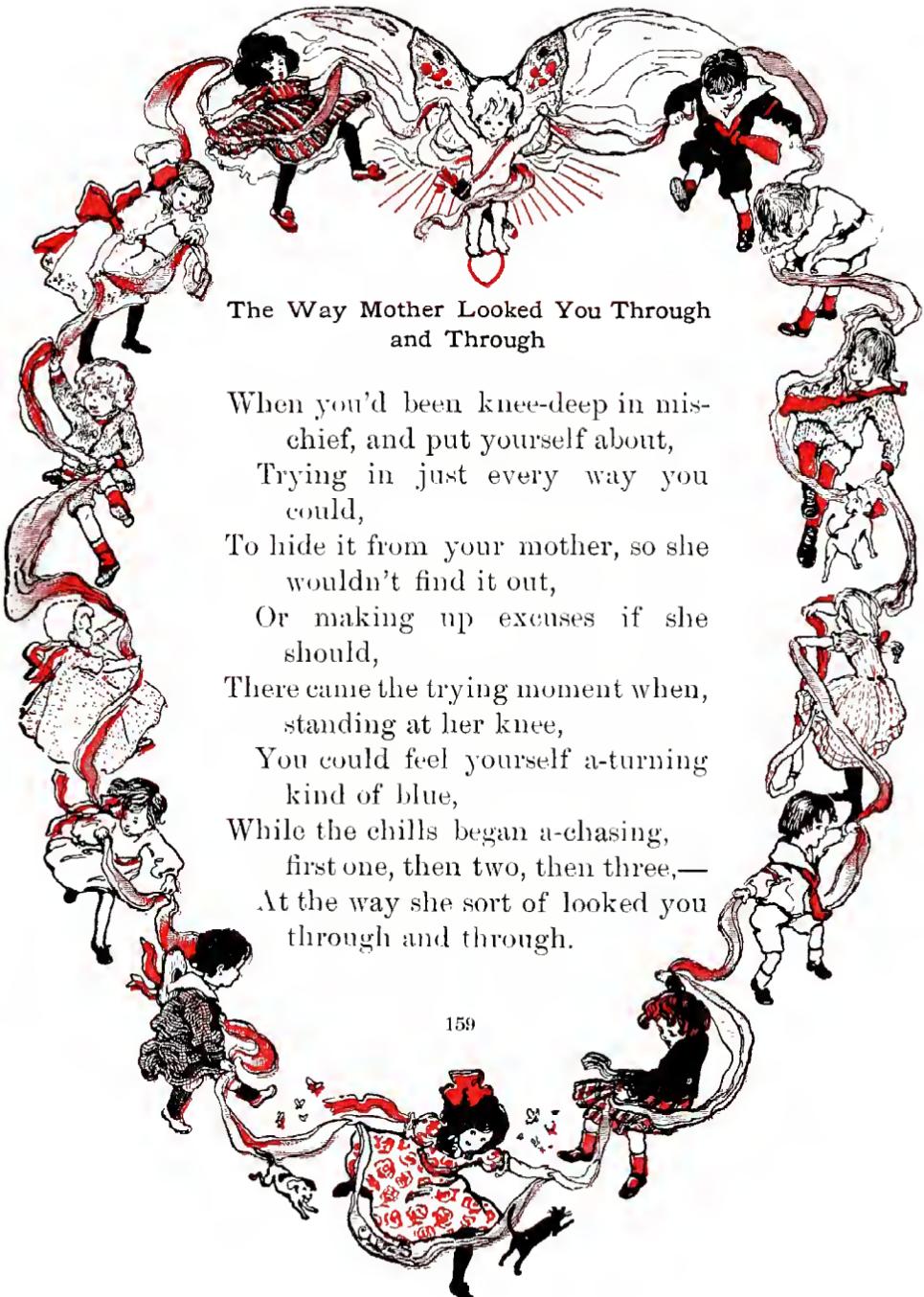
II

He's just about the ugliest!
And really doesn't seem
Able to do another thing
But double up and scream.
He's got no teeth, he's got no hair,—
Worst curiosity!
I'd like some one to tell me *why*
He counts for more than me!



The Way Mother Looked You
Through and Through





The Way Mother Looked You Through
and Through

When you'd been knee-deep in mis-
chief, and put yourself about,
Trying in just every way you
could,
To hide it from your mother, so she
wouldn't find it out,
Or making up excuses if she
should,
There came the trying moment when,
standing at her knee,
You could feel yourself a-turning
kind of blue,
While the chills began a-chasing,
first one, then two, then three,—
At the way she sort of looked you
through and through.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are dressed in traditional or folk costumes, with many wearing red sashes or ribbons. They are arranged in a circle, holding hands or ribbons, and performing a dance. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century children's book illustrations. The children are of various ages and are depicted in various poses, suggesting movement and rhythm. The background is plain white, making the colorful figures stand out.

II

With your two eyes fastened down-
ward, heart going pit-a-pat,
And knees that kept a-knocking,
knocking so,—
Fingers all a-trembling till you al-
most dropped your hat,
Your one thought—could you only
bolt and go !
Conscience started pricking, in a
most unhappy way,
As the wonder and the terror
slowly grew,
So your lips refused to frame the
lie you'd taught yourself to say,
While your mother sort of looked
you through and through.

A circular illustration of children in a ring dance. The children are dressed in traditional-style clothing with red and white patterns. They are holding hands or long red ribbons, forming a circle around the text. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century children's book illustrations.

III

How the room kept spinning round
you, how the ache grew in your
head !

For the moment, it seemed almost
good to die,

Oh, surely—you were thinking—it
were better you were dead

As the shame of all you'd done
passed slowly by.

Then there came the happiest mo-
ment that your life had ever
known,

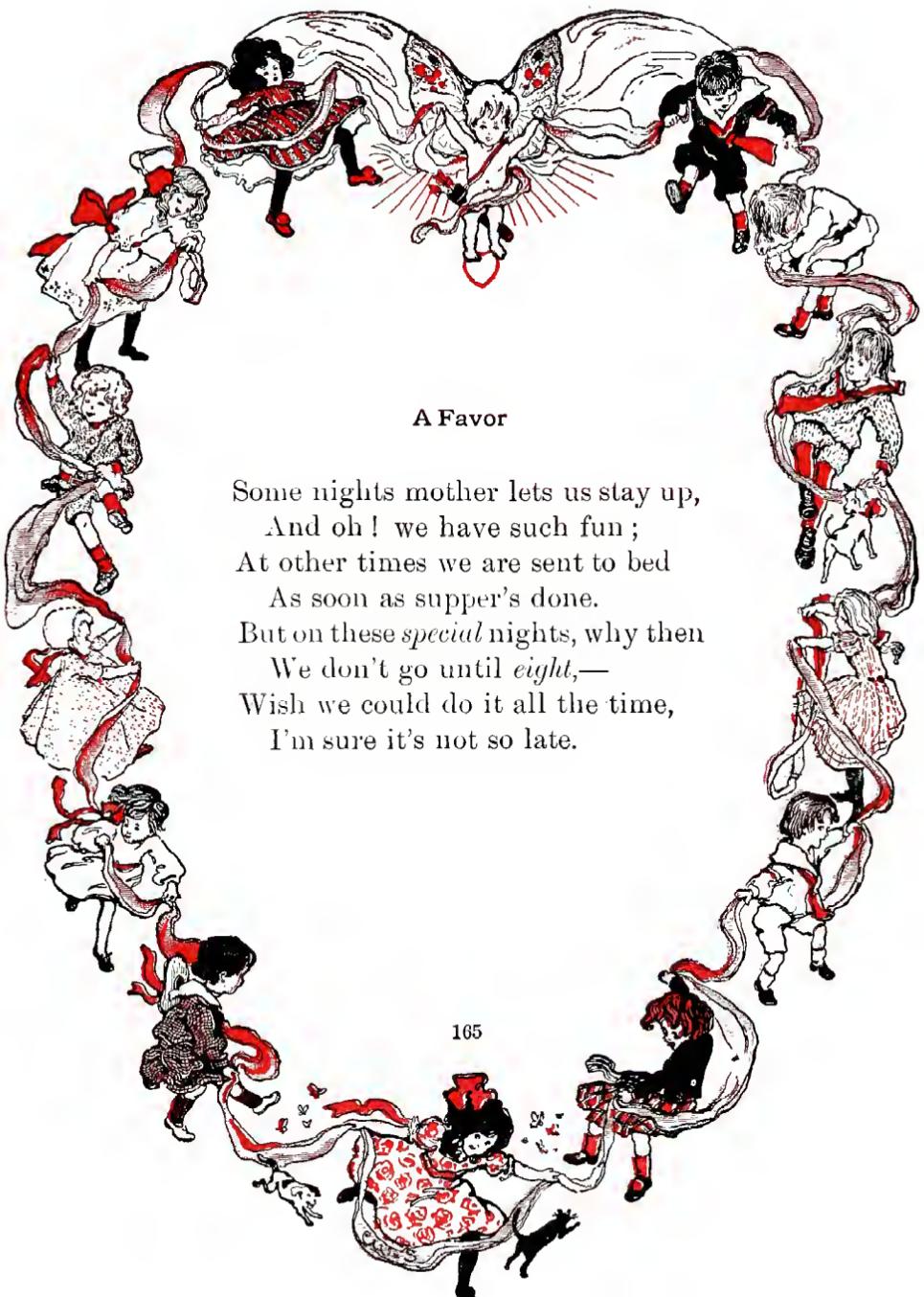
Hard at first, but in the end the best
for you,

The moment you confessed to her
with a choking little moan,
And forgiving mother looked you
through and through.



A Favor



A circular illustration of children playing a game with long red ribbons. The children are arranged in a circle, holding onto the ribbons which are draped and looped around them. The ribbons are a vibrant red color, contrasting with the black and white line art of the children. The children are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. The ribbons are held taut in some places and looped in others, creating a dynamic and playful scene. The children are of various ages and are all engaged in the activity. The ribbons are long and flowing, adding a sense of movement to the illustration. The children are holding onto the ribbons with both hands, and some are looking towards the center of the circle. The ribbons are held taut in some places and looped in others, creating a dynamic and playful scene. The children are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. The ribbons are a vibrant red color, contrasting with the black and white line art of the children. The children are of various ages and are all engaged in the activity. The ribbons are long and flowing, adding a sense of movement to the illustration. The children are holding onto the ribbons with both hands, and some are looking towards the center of the circle. The ribbons are held taut in some places and looped in others, creating a dynamic and playful scene. The children are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. The ribbons are a vibrant red color, contrasting with the black and white line art of the children. The children are of various ages and are all engaged in the activity. The ribbons are long and flowing, adding a sense of movement to the illustration. The children are holding onto the ribbons with both hands, and some are looking towards the center of the circle.

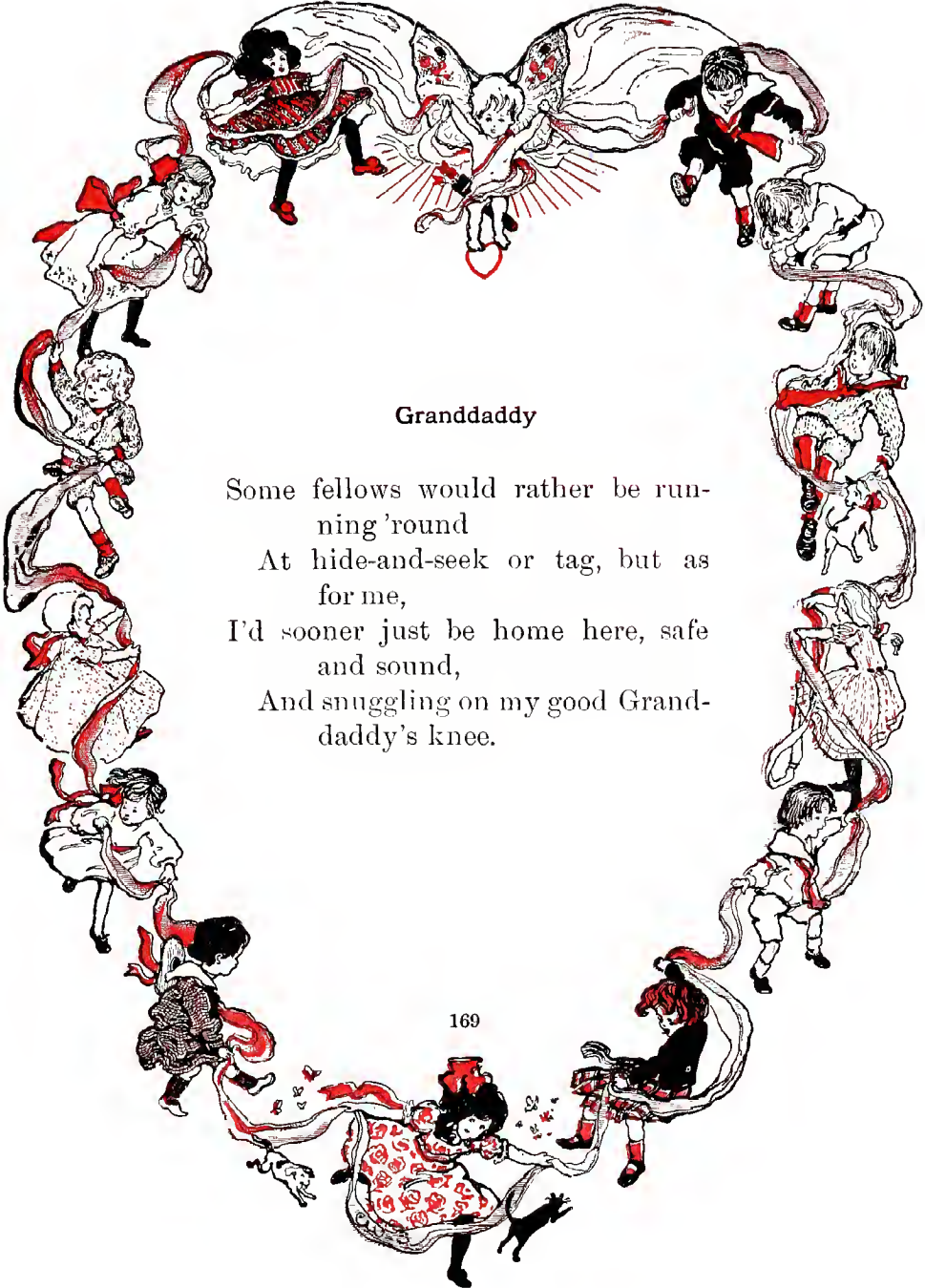
A Favor

Some nights mother lets us stay up,
And oh ! we have such fun ;
At other times we are sent to bed
As soon as supper's done.
But on these *special* nights, why then
We don't go until *eight*,—
Wish we could do it all the time,
I'm sure it's not so late.



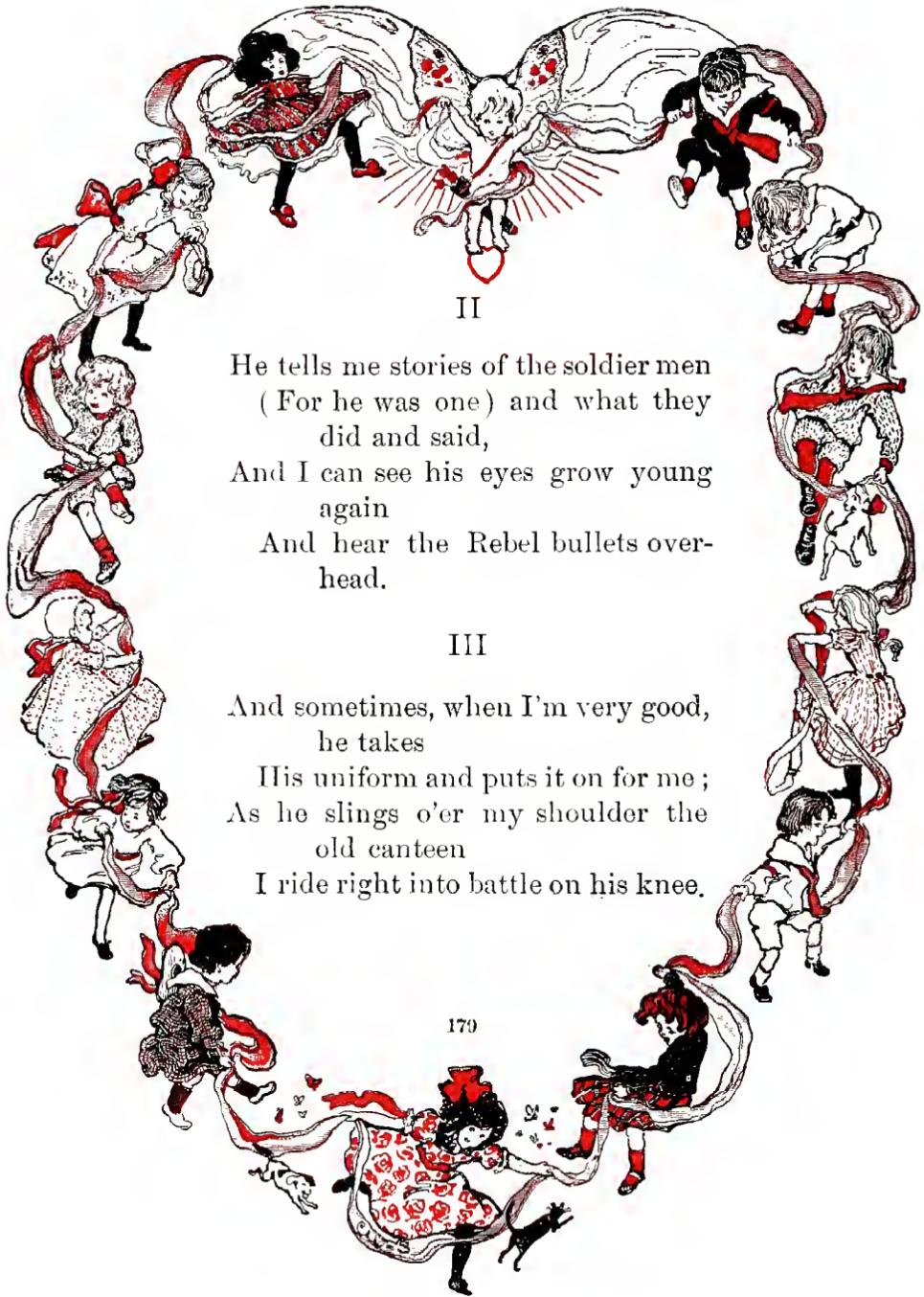
Granddaddy



A circular illustration of children playing a game with long ribbons. The children are arranged in a circle, holding long, flowing ribbons that trail behind them as they move. The ribbons are primarily red and white. The children are dressed in early 20th-century clothing. At the top of the circle, a girl in a red and white dress is running. To her right, a boy in a dark suit and red tie is running. Further right, a girl in a white dress with a red ribbon is running. At the bottom of the circle, a girl in a red and white dress is running. To her left, a boy in a dark suit and red tie is running. Further left, a girl in a white dress with a red ribbon is running. The ribbons are long and flowing, creating a sense of movement. The children are all looking towards the center of the circle. The background is plain white.

Granddaddy

Some fellows would rather be run-
ning 'round
At hide-and-seek or tag, but as
for me,
I'd sooner just be home here, safe
and sound,
And snuggling on my good Grand-
daddy's knee.



II

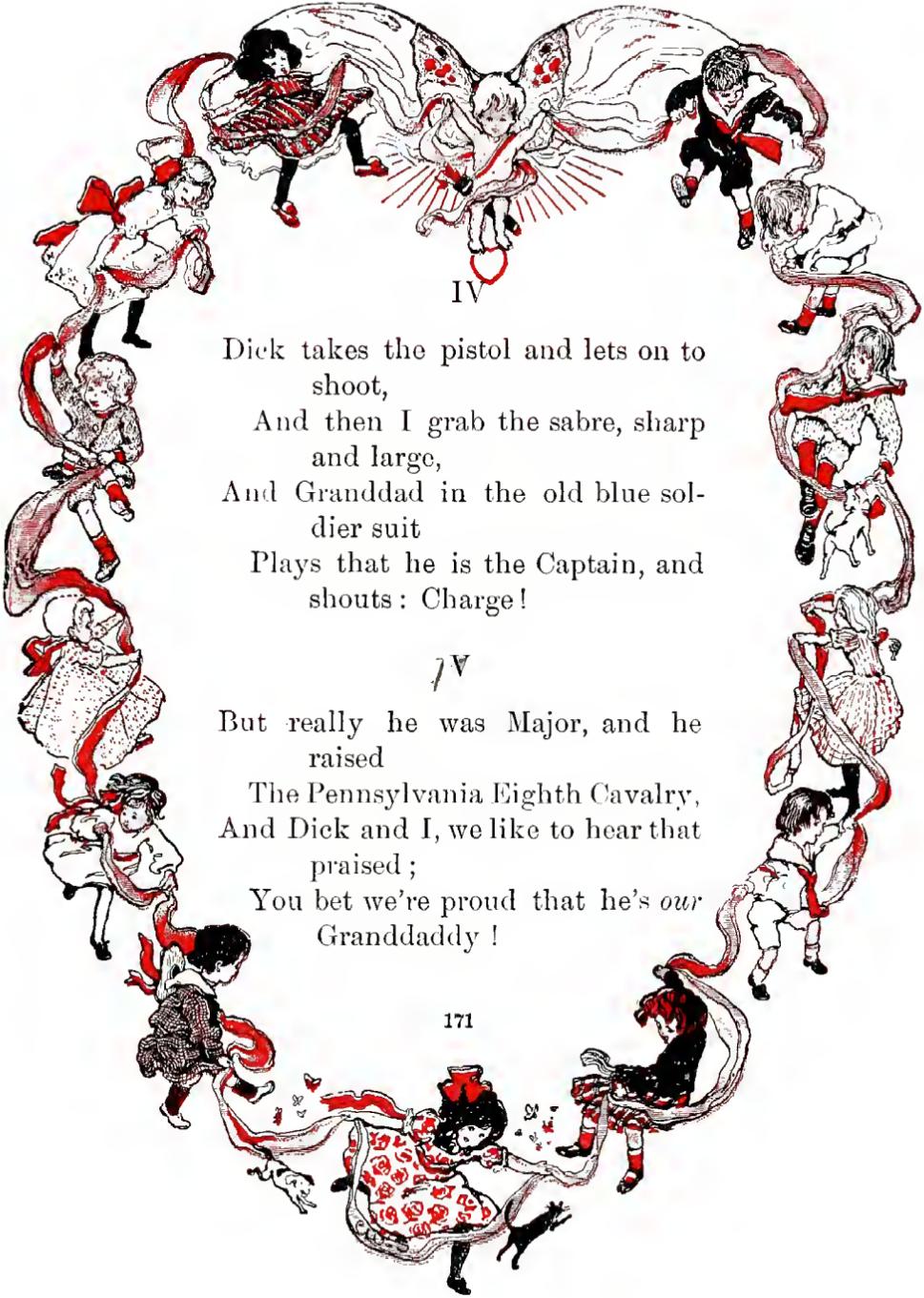
He tells me stories of the soldier men
(For he was one) and what they
did and said,
And I can see his eyes grow young
again
And hear the Rebel bullets over-
head.

III

And sometimes, when I'm very good,
he takes
His uniform and puts it on for me ;
As he slings o'er my shoulder the
old canteen
I ride right into battle on his knee.



AS HE SLINGS O'ER MY SHOULDER THE OLD CANTEEN.



IV

Dick takes the pistol and lets on to
shoot,
And then I grab the sabre, sharp
and large,
And Granddad in the old blue sol-
dier suit
Plays that he is the Captain, and
shouts : Charge !

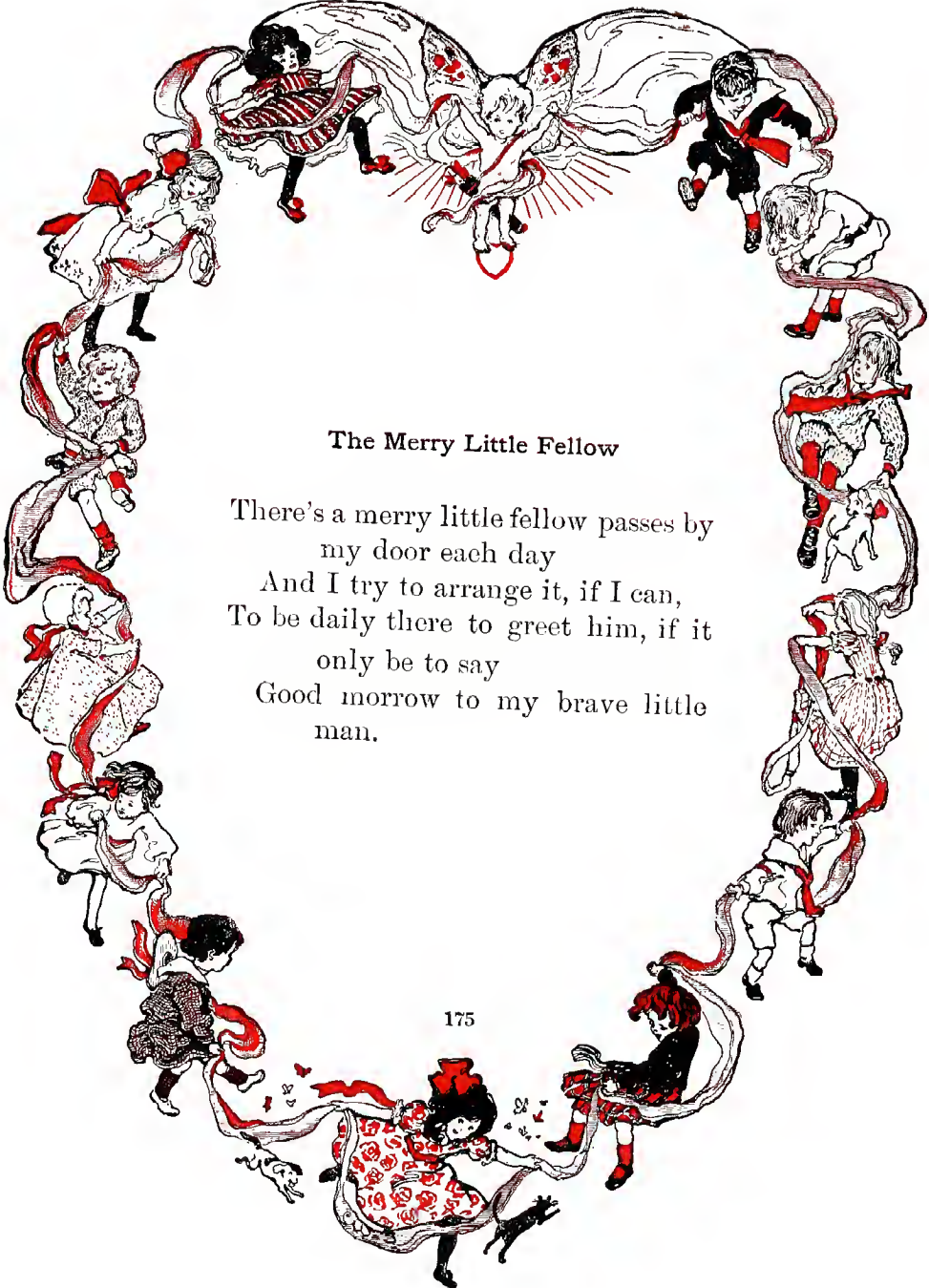
V

But really he was Major, and he
raised
The Pennsylvania Eighth Cavalry,
And Dick and I, we like to hear that
praised ;
You bet we're proud that he's *our*
Granddaddy !



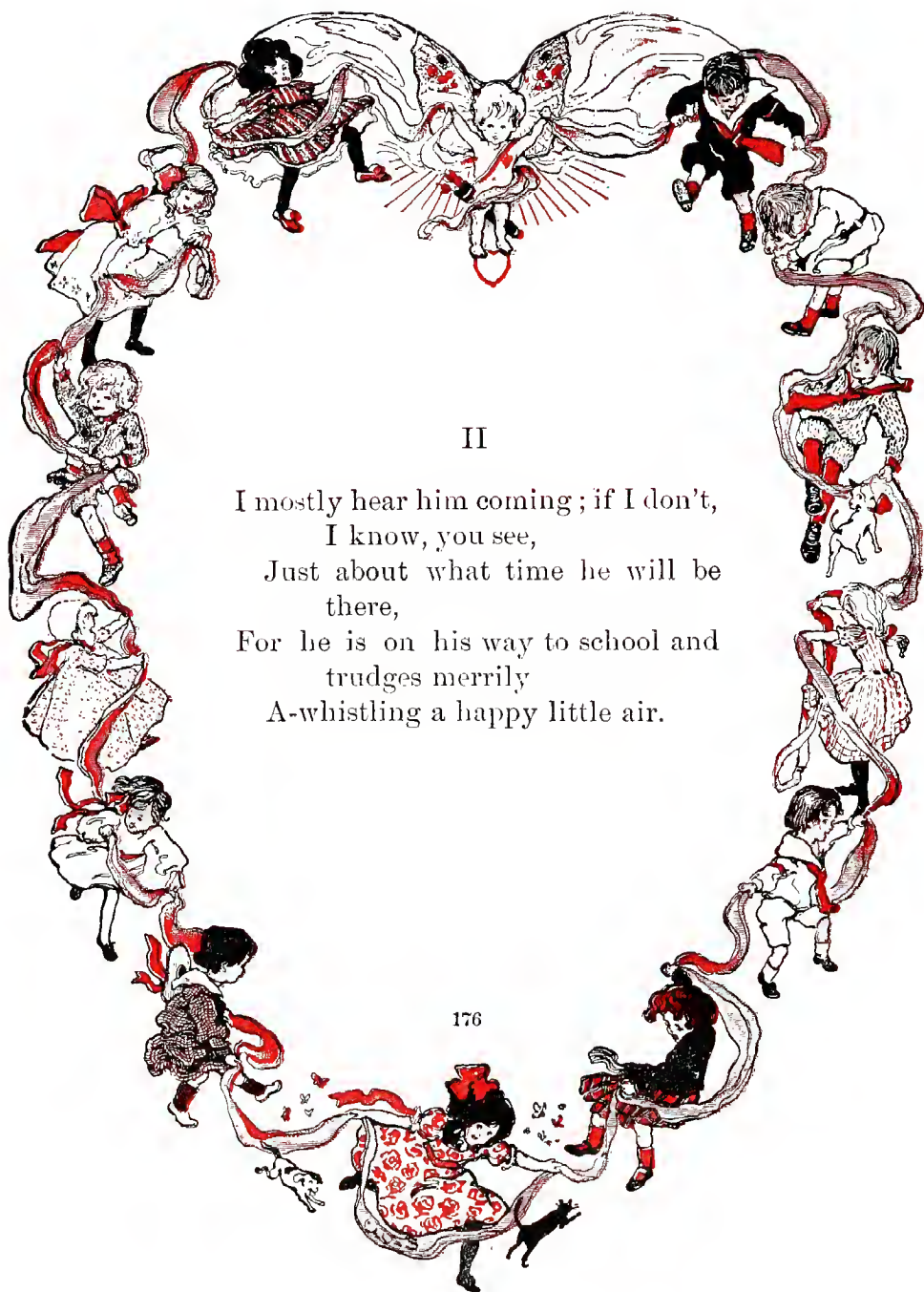
The Merry Little Fellow



A circular illustration of children holding hands in a ring, with a central text block. The children are dressed in various costumes, including a clown, a girl in a red dress, and a boy in a white shirt and red tie. The ring is formed by a long, flowing red ribbon. The text is centered within the ring.

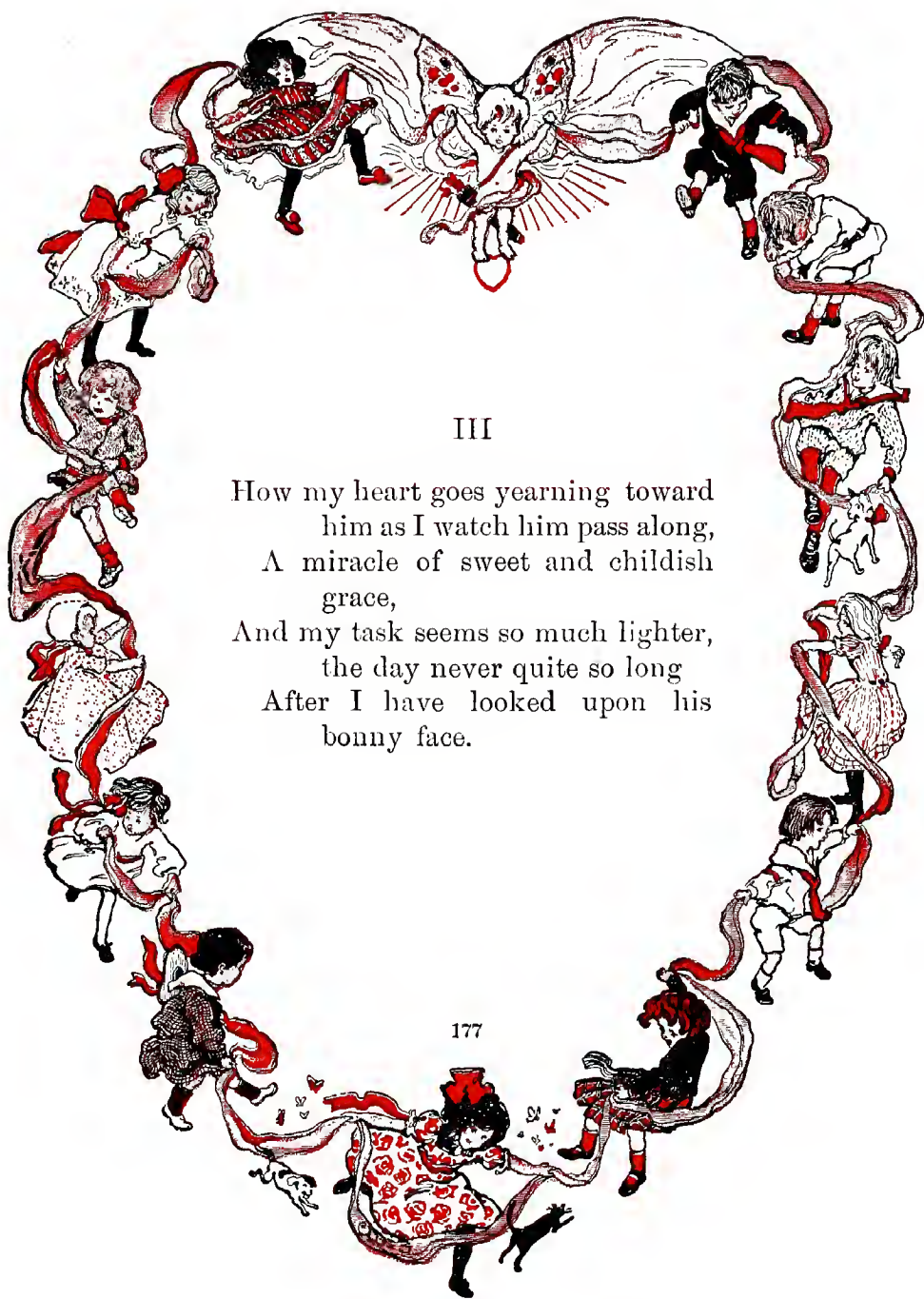
The Merry Little Fellow

There's a merry little fellow passes by
my door each day
And I try to arrange it, if I can,
To be daily there to greet him, if it
only be to say
Good morrow to my brave little
man.



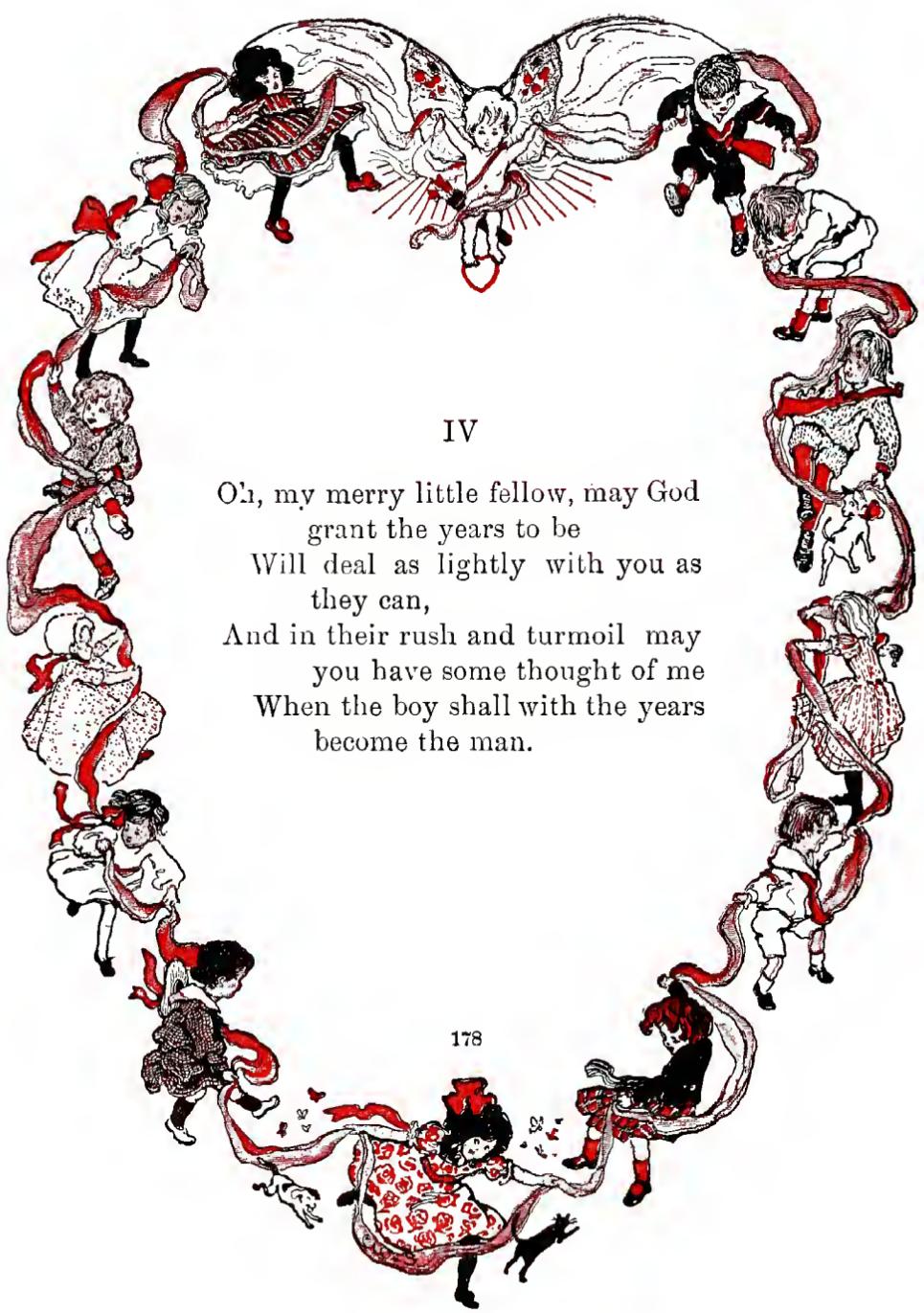
II

I mostly hear him coming ; if I don't,
I know, you see,
Just about what time he will be
there,
For he is on his way to school and
trudges merrily
A-whistling a happy little air.



III

How my heart goes yearning toward
him as I watch him pass along,
A miracle of sweet and childish
grace,
And my task seems so much lighter,
the day never quite so long
After I have looked upon his
bonny face.

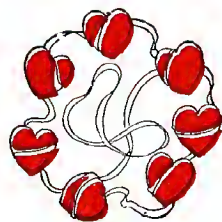


IV

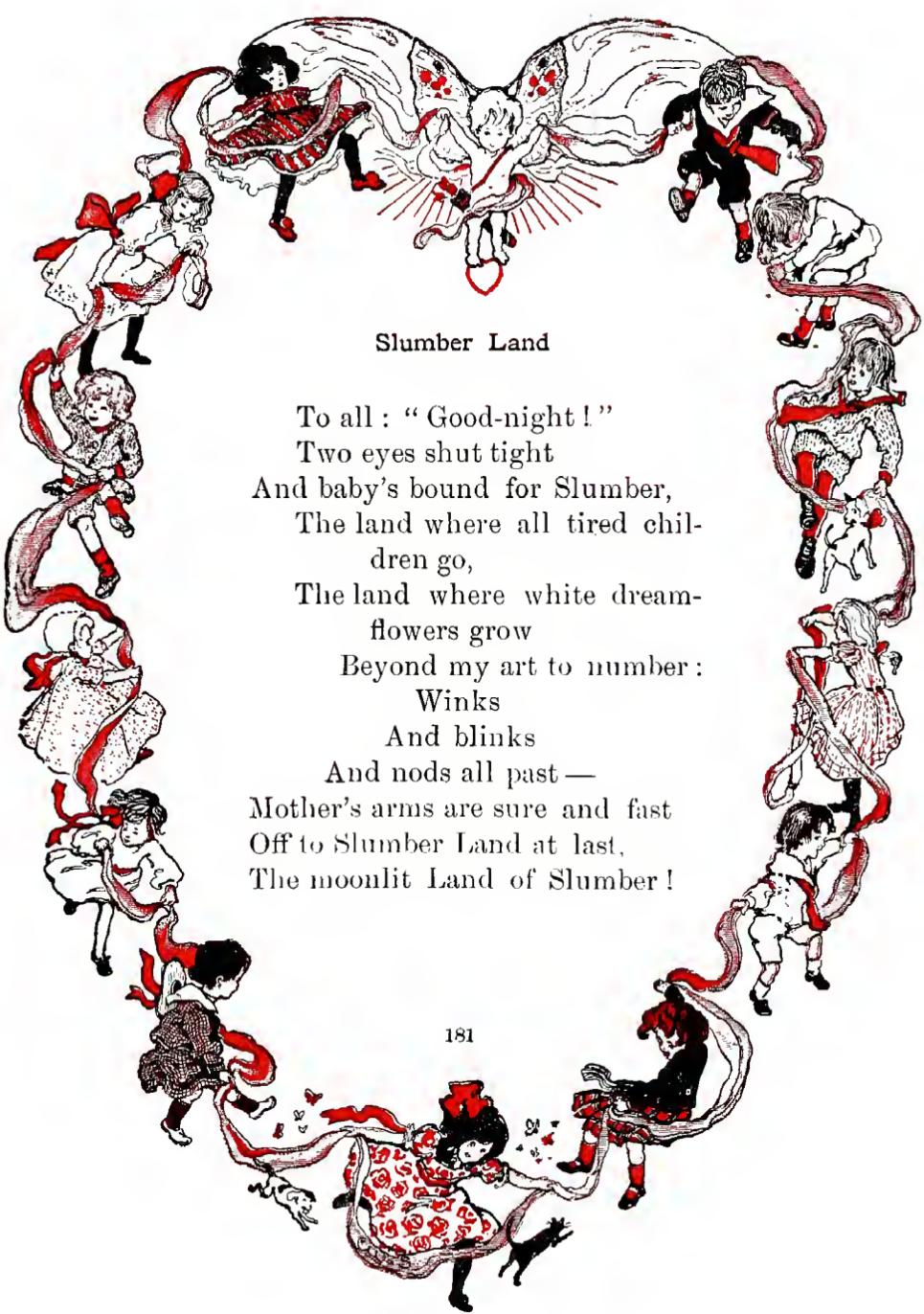
O'h, my merry little fellow, may God
grant the years to be
Will deal as lightly with you as
they can,
And in their rush and turmoil may
you have some thought of me
When the boy shall with the years
become the man.



Slumber Land



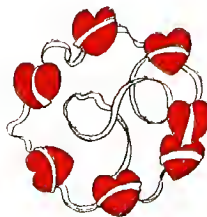
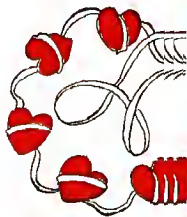
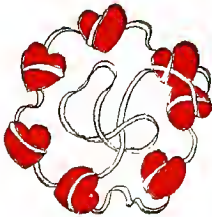
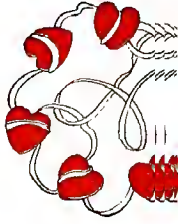
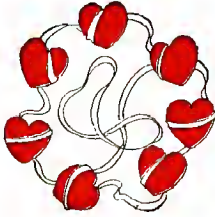


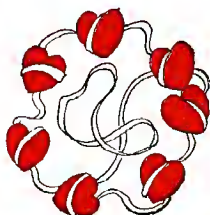
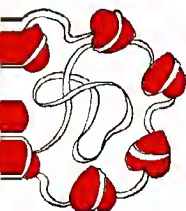
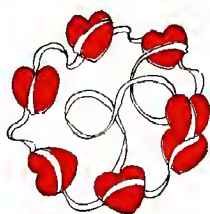
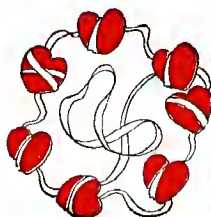
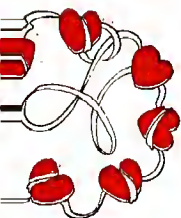
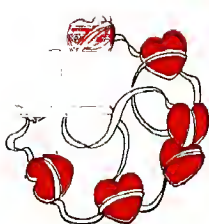
A circular illustration of children holding hands in a ring, with a central figure holding a heart. The children are dressed in various outfits, including dresses, suits, and a small dog is visible at the bottom. The entire scene is framed by a large, flowing red ribbon that forms a circular border around the text.

Slumber Land

To all : " Good-night ! "
Two eyes shut tight
And baby's bound for Slumber,
The land where all tired chil-
dren go,
The land where white dream-
flowers grow
Beyond my art to number :
Winks
And blinks
And nods all past —
Mother's arms are sure and fast
Off to Slumber Land at last,
The moonlit Land of Slumber !

10. *Vingilis* and 1





CONSERVATION
1988

PHASED DEGRADATION

